

# THE PROBLEM OF ARMAMENTS.

**From the Contemporary Review.**

CITY OF 3535



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THE ARAKELYAN PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {  
VOLUME LV.

No. 3535 April 6, 1912

{ FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXXIII.

## CONTENTS

I. The Problem of Armaments. <i>By F. W. Hirst.</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	3
II. Colin Clout, Come Home Again! <i>By Eleanor Farjeon.</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	10
III. Fortuna Chance. Chapter V. The Methodist. <i>By James Prior.</i> (To be continued.)		14
IV. "Ugliness," "Beauty" and Mr. Frederic Harrison. <i>By D. S. MacColl.</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	22
V. Literature and Journalism. <i>By T. H. S. Escott.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	29
VI. Laura and Trudi. <i>By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Concluded.)</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	40
VII. Cardinal Newman.	TIMES	48
VIII. Threshing. <i>By John Galsworthy.</i>	NATION	55
IX. Analogies. IV. Frames. <i>By Linesman.</i>	SPOTATOR	58
X. To an Early Daffodil.	PUNCH	61

## A PAGE OF VERSE.

XI. A Song in Old Plymouth. <i>By Ethel Talbot.</i>	ACADEMY	2
XII. The Dance. <i>By Olive Custance.</i>		2
XIII. The Scarecrow. <i>By Walter De la Mare.</i>		2
XIV. Requests. <i>By Digby Mackworth Dolben.</i>		2
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		62



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

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## A SONG IN OLD PLYMOUTH.

Her name it was *Florençia*,  
 Her sails they were of silk,  
 The ladies of Valencia  
 Have hands as white as milk.

Hands as white as milk have they,  
 And blue eyes like the sea;  
 But I've a lass in Plymouth Bay  
 That is more dear to me.

The ladies of Castile, Castile,  
 Have skins as fair as wax;  
 The worth of many a goodly keel  
 Is sewn upon their backs.

O satin, silk, and velvet,  
 The ladies wear in Spain,  
 I would that through my helmet  
 My love's eyes looked again.

My love, she moves about her room  
 In a gown of woven stuff;  
 Upon her loom, her own loom,  
 She wove it fair enough.

My little love in Plymouth town,  
 She has no gold to wear;  
 She pulls the rowan berries down  
 To twine among her hair.

We sank the white *Florençia*  
 Among the tides to sleep;  
 The ladies of Valencia  
 May wring their hands and weep.  
*Ethel Talbot.*

The Academy.

## THE DANCE.

Do you remember that day I danced in  
 the woods,  
 Under the dancing leaves?  
 Do you remember the delicate blue of  
 the sky  
 And the gold-dust in the air?  
 And the tawny harvest-fields and the  
 heavy sheaves?  
 Summer was surely in one of her brav-  
 est moods . . .  
 And oh, the rare  
 Swift joy that lifted life to an ecstasy,  
 That shining day I danced for you,  
 dear, in the woods!

*Olive Custance.*

## THE SCARECROW

All winter through I bow my head  
 Beneath the driving rain;  
 The North-wind powders me with snow  
 And blows me back again;  
 At midnight 'neath a maze of stars  
 I flame with glittering rime,  
 And stand, above the stubble stiff  
 As mail at morning prime.  
 But when that child, called Spring, and  
 all

His host of children, come,  
 Scattering their buds and dew upon  
 These acres of my home;

Some rapture in my rags awakes;  
 I lift void eyes and scan  
 The skies for crows, those ravening  
 foes,  
 Of my strange master, Man.  
 I watch him striding lank behind  
 His clashing team, and know  
 Soon will the wheat swish body high  
 Where once lay sterile snow;  
 Soon shall I gaze across a sea  
 Of sun-begotten grain,  
 Which my unflinching watch hath  
 sealed

For harvest once again.

*Walter De la Mare.*

## REQUESTS.

I asked for Peace—  
 My sins arose  
 And bound me close,  
 I could not find release.

I asked for Truth—  
 My doubts came in,  
 And with their din  
 They wearied all my youth.

I asked for Love—  
 My lovers failed,  
 And griefs assailed  
 Around, beneath, above.

I asked for Thee—  
 And Thou didst come  
 To take me home  
 Within Thy Heart to be.  
*Digby Mackworth Dolben.*

## THE PROBLEM OF ARMAMENTS.

The growth of armaments through rivalry or competition between Governments has been one of the most characteristic features of international life during the past twenty years. The whole world has participated. Great firms and companies in England, Germany, France, and the United States have sprung up to supply the less advanced Powers with the very best and latest devices for destroying life and property wholesale—by land, by sea, and now also by air. Most living statesmen of repute have devoted at least one eloquent speech to exposing the folly and futility of the thing—some, like Sir Edward Grey, going so far as to predict that this competition will bring even the richest nations to bankruptcy and ruin. No cause perhaps has contributed more powerfully to the spread of Socialism and to the propagation of revolutionary principles. Here in England—though our Army is very costly—we are, by geography and tradition, mostly interested in navies. Among Continental nations, the burden and slavery of conscription are the chief causes—if we may except tariffs—of revolutionary propaganda. While Continental competition in armies has been severe, the passion for fleets has run of late to incredible lengths. Certainly, the modern battleship has proved the costliest luxury ever indulged by such poverty-stricken exchequers as those of Turkey, Portugal, and Brazil.

At the Conference of Economists in Berne, called last year by the Carnegie Peace Endowment, a scheme was drafted for a scientific and historical examination of armaments, and it was found that the subject is exceedingly complex, with almost endless ramifications. For example, one might investigate the causes of armaments, and

the motives which have induced the various Powers to commence them or to increase them. As to preparations for war on land, we might ask when and how conscription came to be introduced, why it spread from Power to Power, and what regulates the duration of military service. Then, as to naval preparations, it may be asked how far they are due to the fact that privateering is still allowed in substance though not in name, and why Great Britain, France, Japan, and several other Naval Powers, have twice at the Hague resisted (and successfully resisted) the proposals of the United States for putting an end to the seizure or destruction of non-contraband private property and merchant ships belonging to citizens of the enemy. Certainly it is worth inquiry why, when booty is prohibited by land, prize-making should be encouraged by sea. At present, in order that a little property may be plundered for the benefit of an occasional crew, the world is saddled with an enormous expenditure on the construction and up-keep of cruisers which have no other purpose than to prey upon merchant vessels in time of war, or to defend merchant vessels from the attacks of hostile cruisers. Another topic discussed at the Berne Conference was the propriety of allowing loans for war purposes to be raised in neutral countries. It was suggested also that a comprehensive inquiry should be made into the industries of war, distinguishing between the Government establishments and the great private undertakings which sell to foreign customers as well as to their own Governments. The recent developments of invention, the extraordinary increase in the penetrating power of the big guns and the great but apparently inadequate increase in the defen-

sive strength of armor-plate, the evolution of torpedo-boats and submarines, and finally of airships; all these things obviously demand patient investigation and criticism, in order that the public and its leaders may adjust their aims and their policy to the new conditions, and do their best to relieve civilization of its chief menace.

An eminently practical branch of this immense and far-reaching problem has been examined by M. d'Estournelles de Constant, the well-known French Senator, by request of the Inter-Parliamentary Union; and his report, which was to have been presented in October last to the meeting of the Union at Rome (a meeting ostensibly postponed on account of cholera—really, no doubt, because of the projected attack on Tripoli) is now being published in France. The full report, extending over many pages, is now before me, and I propose to present its purport to English readers, adding afterwards a few comments of my own:—

The Commission, which was to have presented the report, consisted of Herr Conrad Haussmann, Professor Milloukov of Russia, and Lord Weardale, with M. d'Estournelles de Constant as reporter in the chair. "It is as a patriot," begins the author of this plea, "in the interests of my country as well as in the interests of other civilized countries, that I have consented to return to the question of the limitation of armaments. It is humiliating to begin the report entrusted to me by my colleagues with such a declaration; but as we address ourselves not only to those who know us, but also to those who are biassed or misinformed, we must not weary of making this point quite clear. None of us will abandon his firm resolve to defend his own country with all his strength, and not only his own country, but also the cause of liberty, right, and justice." The existence, the independence, and

the security of each nation are essential to international life. International peace is the security by which national life is guaranteed. How to maintain international peace is the problem. But the modern solution of ever-increasing armaments is no more the true and final solution than the old one of ever-recurring wars. As patriots we must study means of limiting the naval and military burdens which are crushing civilized nations; we must realize that the increase of this unproductive expenditure is a weakening and not a strengthening factor, an imprudent not a precautionary measure. We must show how under protective armaments, which are ever growing heavier, the land we love is being weakened and surrendered to perils, surprises, and revolutionary discontents. The burden of armaments has been growing ever greater owing to neglect on the part of Governments. In 1898 the first Hague Conference was called by the Czar to deal with this very question. The moment was then thought favorable for the investigation by international discussion of the most effectual means of assuring to all nations "the blessings of a real and durable peace, and, above all, of putting an end to the progressive development of armaments." Count Mouravieff pointed out in his famous circular that the progressive burden of armaments strikes at the root of public prosperity, that capital and labor, intellectual and physical forces, are diverted from their proper task of enriching society into channels of waste and destruction, that hundreds of millions are annually employed in acquiring and training men to operate fearful engines of ruin and slaughter, that these engines, which are for the moment the most perfect that science can produce, are doomed to lose almost immediately all their value by reason of some new discovery. Since this eloquent appeal the necessity for limiting

armaments has continually increased, as competition and expenditure have grown at an unexampled rate; and yet diplomacy has not advanced a step. The force of inertia, the rivalry of professional men, the activity of the private interests which depend upon armament orders, have all stood in the way, and statesmen have done nothing. The difficulties and dangers of going to war are more and more admitted; the arts of conciliation and mediation and arbitration are being studied and practised. Much has been done. War is no longer the only solution of international dissensions. Many great disputes, like the dispute over Morocco, have been solved without resort to war. Nevertheless, there is an unaccountable failure to impose any check upon the continual growth of and preparations for war.

"We are all agreed, without distinction of party or country, each in the special interests of his country and in the superior interests of all, to renew our protest of 1906 and to insist that our wish be at last considered by Governments. Parliamentary authority is now at stake, and public opinion would never forgive its representatives for failing to take up this question.

"We do not overstep the limits of our mandate; we do not presume to offer Governments a ready-made solution, for we have too long studied the problem of limitation not to be aware of its complexity. It is brought before each country in different ways: the navy is to the fore in one country, whereas in another the army is first; or, again, the navy and army rival one another in activity. Perhaps aerial or submarine navigation has progressed in one country more than in another, but everywhere wireless telegraphy, the new explosives, and the development of mines have completely transformed the art of war. A country may be protected against aggression by mountains, or

sea, or distance, better than another with dangerous surroundings; a small country may obtain security at less expense than a more populous neighbor." Limitation, then, is a national question which must be studied individually by each country for itself. But as all countries have an equal interest in its solution the problem becomes international. It does not suffice to call upon each country to limit its armaments. The rivalry which ruins them all must cease.

"We would say to each country: 'Remain armed for your defence; keep your armaments up to the standard which you think useful; but agree among yourselves to reduce this measure instead of increasing it. Once you have entered into this path, you will discover that a minimum of armaments gives more security, with less expense, than a maximum. What we ask for is a change in the point of view; instead of blindly increasing naval and military expenditure, make a point of reducing them each for yourself and in your interest.' Let us suppose, to take into account the ever-ready argument of sceptics, that a single State refuse to enter into these views and remain obstinate, then even supposing that this State believe itself to be in a fair way to become master of the world by alone keeping its peace establishments, military and naval, at a maximum, then we say it would have the whole world against it." Its situation would soon become unbearable both internally and externally, from an international as well as from a social point of view. The interest of the most powerful nations is to reduce their armaments, and that immediately. If ten years more are allowed to pass, it will be too late. Revolution will be begotten of armed peace.

At the Hague Conference of 1899 the representatives of the Powers were content to pass by the main purpose

for which they were summoned, merely accepting the academic resolution proposed by M. Leon Bourgeois:—

The Conference esteems that the progressive limitation of armaments which weigh upon the world is highly desirable for the moral and material good of humanity.

In 1907 there was another discussion, and the Conference ended by unanimously adopting the following resolution:—

The second Peace Conference confirms the resolution adopted by the 1899 Conference in regard to the limitation of naval and military expenditure, and, considering that this expenditure has considerably increased since the said year, the Conference declares that it would be highly desirable to see Governments resume this question for serious consideration.

The second resolution, it will be seen, is a little stronger than the first; and some encouragement may be drawn from the fact that while no Powers have actually opened the door to limitation, no Power has dared to close it. Here and there, indeed, a Minister, as in Germany, has publicly declared that limitation of armaments is impracticable and undesirable. But civilized opinion on the whole rejects this view. The suspense is encouraging; it is progress. The remedial idea has been kept alive by the action of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and by the work of Peace Societies and philanthropists, and far-sighted publicists all over the world. In the Parliaments of England, France, and the United States the arguments for a limitation of armaments have been urged over and over again. Perhaps most activity has been shown at Westminster; but the subject has been pressed forward at Paris and Washington. Even at Rome and Vienna Parliamentary deputies have proposed means of regulating one of

the most dangerous rivalries in Europe. In the spring of 1911 Sir Edward Grey spoke in favor of "the mutual reduction of expenditure," and said, in language which cannot be strengthened: "There is a greater danger than that of war, the danger which I once outside this House called *bleeding to death in time of peace*." In the German Parliament, also, the possibility of limitation has been discussed, and the discouraging words of the Imperial Chancellor have been answered by leading men of various parties. Progress, therefore, is being made, and under pressure of public opinion things will develop rapidly.

It is consequently all the more necessary to supply the needful arguments. The first and favorite objection to the advocates of limitation is that their designs are impossible, and the reply is that this impossible problem has been solved under peculiarly difficult conditions as between the United States and Canada. The last war between Great Britain and the United States was ended by the Treaty of December, 1814, ratified in 1815, and completed by the Rush-Bagot Treaty of 1817. At the time of these treaties a frontier of 3,000 miles between Canada and the United States was protected on either side by more than a hundred forts, large and small, by regiments in arms, and by fleets on the great lakes. The names of these forts, Fort Porter, Fort Erie, Fort George, Fort Niagara, &c., call to mind as many fiercely contested battles. And yet it was decided that the two neighbors should disarm, that the fortifications should disappear, and that the guns which armed them should serve to ornament the parks and walks. Could any more precarious situation be conceived than that of these two enemies—one the vanquished master of lost colonies, the victor of Waterloo, and the other the new Federal Republic, freed by its own exertions with the

aid of Great Britain's hereditary foe? What rancour, what germs of hatred might have brought to nought a treaty of disarmament which left the adversaries at one another's mercy! "I have personally visited this disarmed frontier," writes M. de Constant, "and have seen the old guns which have become emblems of repentance. No one thinks of violating the treaty, whose hundredth anniversary will be celebrated in three years."

The United States has also been at war still more recently with its southern neighbor, Mexico; but since the conclusion of that war, the same system has prevailed on the southern frontier as on the northern. Neither nation has attempted to defend itself by forts from its neighbor. Another treaty of disarmament, the one which relieved the finances of Chili and Argentina, is among the most impressive facts of modern history; but successes like these are carefully ignored by advocates of naval and military expansion. And while precedents prove the practicability, not only of limitation, not only of mutual reduction, but of actual disarmament, financial and social pressure is pleading still more persuasively that some check must be imposed upon military and naval rivalries; for the growth of armaments is becoming almost more dangerous to some modern States than the dangers of war. The loss and discontent caused by the one are more formidable than fear of the other. And here we find a distinction between the rich Powers and the poor Powers. The contagion of rivalry and competition has spread everywhere. Governments which had no fleets and no desire to possess them, have been tempted to acquire them; and strong Governments have actually brought diplomatic influence to bear upon weak Governments, in order to encourage the exportation of armaments from their own country, and to

provide work for their own armament firms. Nations loaded with war debt, like Russia, Japan, Turkey, Spain, and Portugal, and young nations which require all their revenue and credit for the development of their own resources, like the South American Republics, have come under this influence, and have been borrowing, buying, and building fleets at a feverish rate. Second-hand battleships and cruisers, old and obsolete, are forced by rich States on poor States, who, in order to borrow money and gain diplomatic assistance, have felt obliged to buy. It is calculated that the expense of armed peace for Europe alone rose from 4,000 million francs in 1883 to nearly 8,000 million francs in 1908. Meanwhile, the richer Governments are starving education, starving navigation, railways, canals, public health, and piling up taxes and debt, in order to increase every year their armaments by sea and land. Every kind of offensive and defensive preparation is becoming larger and more costly; ports and docks are becoming too small and too shallow. The cost of war preparations is rising to a scale that promises bankruptcy. And after the most enormous exertions, the proportions of strength may remain the same. When one builds one Dreadnought another may build two, and so on. Similarly the growth of battleships from ten to twenty or thirty thousand tons may double or treble the burden both of prime cost and maintenance without altering relative strengths. The process exhausts more and more; but the rivals are merely running faster. The distance between them may remain as before. These excesses of armaments are described as good investments—insurances. They are really disorders of reason and failures of diplomacy. The Government that would reduce spontaneously its naval and military armaments within possible limits would be ex-

posed to fewer dangers than the Government which impoverishes a country by imposing upon it excessive sacrifices. It would have a loyal, happy, healthy, intelligent, and contented population, an enthusiastic patriotism, and, if it were attacked, the support of universal opinion. The advantages of moderation in armaments are seen in the strength and prosperity of small States like Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, to say nothing of Britain's self-governing Colonies. The disadvantages of excess might be illustrated by many examples. The worst difficulties of what has been so long called the Eastern Question would have been avoided, or at least attenuated, had the rival Powers agreed all through to give the Balkan Peninsula and Turkey the first elements of civilization—railways, roads, and schools, instead of armaments.

The cleverness of getting ahead of another nation in this hapless race implies that a successful war may bring great wealth and prosperity. This notion is gradually being dispelled. You cannot destroy a nation, or even put an end to its commercial rivalry by any war, however successful. It is becoming more and more difficult even to deprive the enemy's private citizens of their property, or to stop their commerce with the neutrals either by land or sea. But even if war were all that it is not, excessive expenditure on armaments would defeat its own object. If the Russians had devoted the huge sums they wasted on their fleet to the construction of railways or the duplicating of the lines towards the Pacific coast, they would have been better able, though far from their country, to defend their Asiatic possessions against the Japanese. They were brought to defeat because they had neglected railways for battleships; and the financial and economic troubles all but resulted

in a social and political revolution. To bring about a diminution of armaments, it is necessary that every nation and Government should set to work. Hard and earnest study is required of national needs. But if two or more Powers set an example of mutual reduction their gains will excite emulation and imitation in others.

There is no reason to despair about the limitation of armaments. The only objection that can be urged against it is its novelty. Ten years ago the possibility of an International Arbitration Court was laughed at; yet the Court has been instituted, and has given conclusive proof of its utility. And so arbitration has ceased to be a dream and is now a practical and tangible reality. This will be the case with the problem of limitation when, in the near future, it will be studied as it should be, and not conceived as unpatriotic or impossible. Then we shall see the problem of limiting armaments solved by the very statesmen who have been opposing us.

The preceding argument, in which I have endeavored to give a free rendering of the views set forth by M. d'Estournelles de Constant, will probably satisfy benevolent sceptics that the problem of armaments, the greatest curse of modern civilization, is soluble now, or at any time when the statesmen of two or more countries are inspired by good sense, or by a laudable ambition, or by fear of a social revolution. At this particular moment there is much alarm in professional and interested circles, both here and in Germany, lest the Anglo-German understanding (which now at last seems to be in a fair way to fulfilment) should bring about any relaxation in armaments, any reduction in the burdens of our taxpayers. One sees also a fresh output of preposterous ratios by "the naval experts" and other correspondents whose sources of inspiration are

easily recognized. To show how far our Admiralty has transgressed the limits of reason, I may be allowed here to set forth a comparison of existing strengths in the various classes of vessels, taking my figures from lists recently published in the *Navy League Annual*. They indicate very clearly what absurdly excessive burdens Mr. McKenna, our last First Lord, managed to impose upon his unfortunate fellow taxpayers:—

1. Dreadnoughts in commission last spring: Great Britain, 12; United States, 4; Germany, 5.

2. Battleships of the pre-Dreadnought era: Great Britain, 40; United States, 22; Germany, 20—the German 20 were very small; the British 40 were very large, and probably gave us better value for our money than the Dreadnoughts and Super-Dreadnoughts.

3. Armored Cruisers: Great Britain, 34; France, 21; United States, 15; Italy, 10; Germany, 9; Japan, 9. And yet we are building huge armored cruisers as fast as we can, although we have 34 to Germany's 9.

4. Smaller cruisers: Great Britain, 96; Germany, 41; Japan, 16; United States, 42; Germany, 36.

5. First-class destroyers: Great Britain, 61; Germany, 18.

6. Submarines (built and building): Great Britain, 83; France, 81; United States, 42; Germany, 36.

When one looks at these figures and thinks of the senseless invasion panics of the last three years, worked up by an unscrupulous Press and fostered by public men who knew better (or should have known better), one is almost inclined to despair. But it must be remembered that false forecasts were promulgated by the authorities, who led the public to believe, first, that our so-called invention of Dreadnoughts had made our other battleships obsolete; and, secondly, that in a year or

two Germany would have nearly as many Dreadnoughts as Great Britain. Even so, the panic was a rich man's panic, and died rapidly away when the Super-Dreadnought was followed by the super-tax.

In conclusion let me say, after M. d'Estournelles de Constant, that more study and more work are required. We can never know when the social and economic pressure may bring out a statesman, who will boldly reveal himself and invite Europe to co-operate in a grand scheme for the simultaneous reduction of armaments. But this present year, following three of unjustifiable and unprecedented expansion, a year also when nearly all our armament and ship-building firms are chock-full of orders, gives us a fine opportunity for setting an example to Europe. A big reduction of our naval estimates would probably be at least as contagious as our incomprehensible blunder in starting the Dreadnought mania. But for the importance of finding a market for armor-plate, I verily believe that the days of the monster battleship would be numbered—to such a perfection have submarines and mines been carried, and so resistless is the penetrating power of the big gun. It is quite true, as Mr. Churchill said at Glasgow, that we can go on for some time increasing our expenditure. The super-tax on high incomes in Japan is five shillings in the pound, ours is "only" nineteen pence. But nineteen pence compares with eightpence before the Boer War. It is quite true that Germany can go on borrowing for armaments. But Germany is already spending more on her navy than we spent before the Boer War, and we are spending twice as much—forty-four millions odd, which absorbs the whole produce of the income-tax. Let us be wise in time. Let us appeal in the spirit of this admirable report to the common sense and moral sense of the

British Government, and let it be our lead Europe along the path of moderation and prosperity.

The Contemporary Review.

F. W. Hirst.

### COLIN CLOUT, COME HOME AGAIN!

*"Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:  
The woods were heard to waille full many a sythe  
And all their birds with silence to complaine:  
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,  
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:  
The running waters wept for thy returne,  
And all their fish with languour did lament.  
But now, both woods and fields and floods revive,  
Sith thou art come."*

—*Colin Clouts Come Home Again.*—Spenser.

Through the gray and heavy air,  
Through the January rain,  
When old England nipped and bare  
Shudders with the load of pain  
Wept upon her by the eyes  
Of sunless, sun-remembering skies:  
When the soul of man is fain  
Suddenly abroad to fare,  
Questing, questing everywhere  
The soul of beauty to regain,  
Dreaming like a boy to snare  
The great free bird no lure can chain,  
Following in a dull despair  
That cannot pierce their brief disguise  
Random flights of pallid lies  
Never fledged in Paradise:—  
Comes the sound of gathering cries  
Calling down the centuries  
Urgently with might and main,

*"Colin Clout, O Colin Clout!  
Colin, Colin, Colin Clout!  
England needs you, Colin Clout!  
Colin Clout, come home again!"*

Colin, can you never hear?  
Colin, will you never rise  
From the narrow plot of rest  
That sang for joy of such a guest  
To fill its dust with melodies,  
And to make it year by year

Such a place of golden cheer,  
Of flowering deed and jolly jest,  
Of pastoral prettiness and the clear  
Summons to be sailing West  
Over oceans fabulous  
Leading on to stranger shores  
And distant ports adventurous—  
That with its music in your ear,  
Drawn from your own imagined stores,  
You care to give no heed to us  
Whose laughter has been soured by doubt,  
Whose hearts are hedged with many a fear,  
Who learn to hold our lives so dear  
That all their wealth has trickled out,  
Who joy and beauty hand in hand  
Have driven homeless from the land  
And put the old ideals to rout:—  
Yet even because, returning here,  
You needs must find your England thus,  
Let not her children call in vain,

*"Colin Clout, O Colin Clout!  
Colin Clout, come home again!"*

Hark! I hear a shepherd's pipe  
With three notes of music wipe  
Discord from this troubled star;  
I hear tumultuous gladness shake  
The marrows of the land awake,  
Wherein old slumbering visions are;  
I hear the stirrings of a day  
When all the earth will smell of may,  
When eager men will fling aside  
Their garments of enlightened pride  
Where Time the Moth has had his way,  
And don again the homespun dress  
Of England's ancient simpleness—  
O piping shepherd-reed at play,  
Blown with a poet's golden breath,  
How suddenly a heart as gay,  
As innocent, as full of faith  
As children's hearts are, 'gins to beat  
In the world's bosom at my feet!  
How all my sisters' eyes grow strong,  
And all my brothers' eyes grow sweet,  
And we who boast so loud to-day  
Above our self-created strife  
That we have lost our fear of death

*Colin Clout, Come Home Again!*

Lose suddenly our fear of life,  
And go with gladness down the way  
To meet whatever is to meet.

Then, Colln! then about your knees  
We'll lie and list such fantasies  
As keep the spirit bright and young  
And guard the edge of youth as keen  
As a new-tempered virgin sword;  
We will re-learn the magic tongue,  
And where the meadow-rings are green  
Re-seek Titania and her lord,  
For you will bring a flitting home  
Of vanished Folk to English loam;  
About our business we will go  
With holiday-hearts whose dancing beat  
Is measured to your piping sweet,  
And on your music great will grow  
In the redress of antique wrongs;  
And from the richest of your songs,  
O dreamer-lover, shepherd-knight,  
Spell out a long-forgotten name,  
Re-kindling the expiring glow  
Of Chivalry's high beacon-light,  
Till by its heaven-pointing flame  
Our generations understand  
Their England is too fair a land  
To suffer ugliness and blight  
And the dishonorable bane  
Of serfdom's bowed and broken knee,  
Too fine a trading mart to be  
Where one may cause the many pain  
And foul self-interest men empowers  
To turn to weeds what should be flowers

For evil must be still to cope  
When Colin Clout comes home again,  
Because a world devoid of pain  
Would be a world made bare of hope,  
And both must act together till  
Slipt from its spiritual trance  
This globe is frozen to good and ill;  
But ere the life here bound by chance  
Flows to its last significance,  
Colln! bring home the dream we lost  
Because we grew too old for dreams,  
And bring again the golden barque

With which in our high-hearted youth  
We sailed wild seas and perilous streams;  
And find again a road we crossed  
In olden time and failed to mark;  
And give us love of beauty back,  
And set us on the grassy track  
Of many an ancient-simple truth;  
Re-teach our voices how to sing  
Melodiously; and bring, O bring  
The rustless lance of honor in  
For men to strive again to win  
As in the days when knightlihood  
For life's most high expression stood,  
And man reached forth to touch that goal  
Not with his hands but with his soul.

Ah, Colin! 'tis a twice-told tale  
How that the woods were heard to wail,  
How birds with silence did complain,  
And fields with faded flowers did mourn,  
And flocks from feeding did refrain,  
And rivers wept for your return.  
Singer of England's merriest hour,  
Return! return and make her flower,  
Charming your pipe unto your peers,  
As once you did in other years;  
For we who wait on you, know this,  
Whatever tune your reed shall play  
Will hearken with as gladdened ears  
As Cuddy and as Thestylis,  
As Hobbinol and Lucida  
And all the simple shepherd-train,  
What time they gathered and ran, a gay  
Rejoicing happy-hearted rout,  
Across the sweetening meadow-hay  
Each calling other:

*"Come about!*

*The time of waiting is run out,  
And Colin Clout, O Colin Clout,  
Colin Clout's come home again!"*

*Eleanor Farjeon.*

## FORTUNA CHANCE.

BY JAMES PRIOR.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE METHODIST

Still there were rumors of war and prophecies of change, cold gossip for the most part. If there were a few broken heads, Whig and Tory, got in London street rows, it was more through a brutal lawlessness and the cheapness of gin than political antagonism. Slowly through the thin news-sheets of Nottingham and Derby, or by word of mouth which left out, put in and transformed, came tidings to the forest of the defeat of Fontenoy and the King's departure for the Continent. To get out of the way of danger, said high-flier and flat-nose; to show his contempt of the danger, to raise armies to meet the danger, said the Hanoverian Whig inconsistently. A faint echo of empty words all that, which however gained in sound and seemed to gather a little meaning, when Miller Cowley on his return from his last visit to Nottingham declared that he had seen in its streets a French general, a sort of fast-and-loose prisoner, a littlish foreign-like man with an extraordinary fine coat on; and especially when it became known that a considerable body of troops, thousands of them, a whole army of them, English and German, had set up their tents on the hills of Wheatley in the north of the county, a few miles aside of the Great North Road and Retford. There was no doubt about that. Master Tutin the Sutton maltster had often been to the Retford hop fair, and it was said had once passed within sight of the camping ground on his way to Gainsborough.

The Nottingham summer assizes, coming on in due time together with the races, cock-fighting, buck-hunting and the usual gay assemblies of gen-

try and tradesfolk, made far more stir than the distant clash of contending factions and empires. But the case of the Crown *v.* Lee and Lovett did not come on. The king's armies in spite of legal and illegal impressment were greatly in need of able-bodied recruits, but the Gipsy prisoners had with difficulty been persuaded that His Majesty's barracks were a more desirable place of confinement than the county jail, or that a tented field was any freer than the American plantations. At any rate those would be easier to escape from, as probably occurred to them, for at length they consented to take the king's money and don his red livery, they who had hitherto enjoyed a liberty that was almost license. Roland heard much guess-work, cunningly futile, about their present, past and future, but not one word, true or false, concerning Alfa's circumstances. However his curiosity about her was speedily squeezed out by the pressure of weightier matters.

As a rule he avoided the villages on Sunday, for on that day sectarian bigotry, especially of those who never went to church, was most rampant. But on a Sunday a week or two after the assizes, having to go to the lower end of Kirkby for his mother, he determined to call on Jacob Caley's widow, who lived at the upper end near the church, in order to inquire after her health, which had been broken of late, and to leave her a little gift. Every now and then throughout the morning there had been brief perpendicular downfalls of rain, which kept the air fresh though in the intervals the sun shone fiercely; thunder rain, but the centre of the electric disturbance was so distant that no thunder was heard. He went down the waste hill-side where the villagers' cattle were

grazing in common; a very gentle slope until he came to the sudden dip into the trough of the valley. There were the lings of rich pasturage about the sources of the Erewash. He jumped the streamlet, then went up on the other side through one of the three enclosures into which all the plough-land of the parish was divided, a wide expanse of fallow cut up into strips by narrow grassy balks which were then gay with many a weed in bloom, thistle, ragwort, cow-parsnip and bluebell. Coterminous with this on his right lay the field of spring corn, strips of golden rye, strips of whitening oats, dark strips of withering pulse. He crossed the fallows and gained the bottom of the village.

For those times it was a large village, built like a carpenter's square mainly about two roads at right-angles, the one up a gentle rise, the other along the ridge and ending with the church. It was nigh on noon, but the church had not yet given up its worshippers, the ale-houses still held their far more numerous devotees; the rest of the populace had been driven indoors by a heavy shower, and the road was quiet but for the Bacchanalian squeak of Albert Cook's falsetto in the "Foresters' Arms."

As he went on uphill after doing his mother's errand the shower passed. Men, women and children trooped out again, some to take up their gossip where it had been broken off, some to renew their thirst at the public-house, many to play at hop-scotch, leap-frog, chuck or ball, while others retired to some quiet corner to gamble at half-penny under the hat, keeping a sharp look-out for churchwarden Huff who officially was a stickler for Sunday observance. Roland went through, attracting as little attention as possible but being hit every now and then by an open insult or a privy stone.

At the top of the hill there is a cross

so-called, though only the rude stump of one, where the road turns sharp to the right for Sutton-in-Ashfield, while on the left lies the rest of the village. There was a man standing on the top-most of the three steps which form the base of the cross, a stranger quite alone. Roland passed on to the left with no more notice than that; but when he had gone a few yards he heard behind him a sudden burst of song, and song which though rude was so loud, so clear, so sure of itself, even so triumphant, that he and many another turned at once to look. They saw an altogether ordinary sort of man, a man neither young nor old, neither stout nor lean, neither tall nor short, his only peculiarities being a sallow face and a slight stoop. He had bared his head and his hair hung in untidy wisps about his face. His dress was plain and worn and untidily put on, but of somewhat better materials than the homespun of the rustics. Roland judged him to be a framework-knitter from Nottingham or one of the neighboring villages.

And can it be that I should gain

An interest in the Saviour's blood?

Died He for me, who caused His pain?

For me, who Him to death pursued?

Amazing love! how can it be,

That Thou, my God, should'st die for me!

So he sang in a voice much louder and more penetrative than his physique promised, and with such fervor that Roland at once set him down for mad.

He left his Father's throne above;

(So free, so infinite His grace!)

Emptied Himself of all but love,

And bled for Adam's helpless race.

That he was mad seemed to be the first thought of the villagers, who began to crowd up all agape and open-eyed.

'Tis mercy all, immense and free,

For, O my God, it found out *me*!

One man eased himself of the pain of his wonder with a loud guffaw; another said, "I'll tek my sacrament, 'tis nubbut one o' them Methodisses"; a third looked about for a stone, the primeval argument against all heresy; a fourth jocularly joined in the song, but quite out in words and time and tune; a fifth shouted, "Surry, wheer could I buy a tallow face like thine for to mek rushlights on?" But the man's singing was a thing so apart that the various interruptions did not in the least mar its flow.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay

Fast bound in sin and nature's night.

Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;

I woke; the dungeon flamed with light.

But Roland had had enough; the song offended alike his innate fastidiousness and acquired fanaticism; he turned and walked off up the road, the church spire ever conspicuous in front of him. But the man's voice pursued him, so projected that it lost nothing by distance, while the jeers and cat-calls fell away and left it in sole possession of his ear.

No condemnation now I dread.

There seemed to him something devilish in its persistence. As fast as he might without appearance of hurry he walked on out of sight of both cross and man; but even as he knocked at Dame Caley's door and entered, the audacious climax came to him, as it were assailed him:

Bold I approach th' eternal throne,  
And claim the crown through Christ  
my own.

Each word as clear as if he had gathered himself up to receive it. Dame Caley not being well enough to see him, he only stopped for a few minutes in talk with her daughter, then went forth again. The Methodist's psalmody had ceased; there was nobody in sight but the landlord of the "Silent

Woman," newly re-christened the "Admiral Anson," who stood pipe in mouth at his own door; the road was quite still again. Nay, even while he turned from the door he caught the faint drone of the final hymn at St. Wilfred's; the twitter of Jack Webster's clarionet a little ahead of the singing, the buzz of Gaffer Tyro's bassoon a little behind, the thin squeak of Barber Brotherton's fiddle sometimes the one and sometimes the other. But the rain coming on again, its mere patter quite drowned the sound. He hastened up the road meaning to get past the church before its congregation was dismissed and return by Castle Hill and the Grives. But just then Abel Marrott came out of the "Admiral Anson" ripely drunk, and straddling across his path began to insult him.

"Hallo, my young papish, and how'sh the Pope thish fine mornin'? Sh'bodilkins, I hope he'sh shwelterin' in hell wi' ne'er a drop o' Nottingham ale to cool his frizzlin' guts."

Roland would not exchange compliments with a man in that condition, and yet could not avoid stopping and hearing.

"Wheer'sh thy p-papish tongue, thou papish mongrel ch-chanceling? Speak when a man speaks to thee, an' speak civil; ecod, thou'd better. Wheer'sh dadda?"

The occupants of the ale-house had come out and now added the insult of their laughter. Simon Daw, commonly called Slim un, always the last to come and the first to go, stepped briskly out of the church porch. At his heels trooped forth the rest of the congregation. Loath to be seen as party to so disgraceful a disturbance, Roland would have turned back down the road but Marrott held him by his coat. He gave the keeper a thrust in the ribs which made him loose his hold and stagger back, and then said:

"I'll meet you where you like and when you like."

"M-meat?" said the keeper. "What d'yer mane? A dollop o' beef or a mite o' mutton?"

He clenched his great fists and staggeringly put himself in battle order.

"You're drunk," said Roland. "Tomorrow, as early as you please."

"To-morrer?" said the keeper. "Nay, I'll hae't now, afore it coolsh; what bit it ish."

But Roland walked away down the street. He was lumberingly followed by Marrott and by his comrades, who urged him on. Marrott stopped presently and said to the nearest of the fellows:

"Shtay, what were that? Did he say as I were d-drunk?"

"Ay, he did," was the unanimous answer.

"Then to show he'sh a liar I'll bash all his t-teeth out."

But the delay had given Roland a start, and when the keeper's backers found that their champion lost ground they began to call after the young man:

"Here, surry! Stop! Art afeard? Coom, yo've ghen the first blow, yo've a raight to gie Abel a chance o' th' next. Is them your popery ways? Coom back, or we'll fetch yer. Art gooin' to mass?"

A stone or two was flung after him. At the same time he saw another and much larger crowd coming up the road towards him. Wherefrom there came amid a hubbub of voices one loud clear continuous shout:

"Hallelujah! Glory be to God! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Amen!"

That loud rapturous utterance, being alone distinctly audible, seemed to bring all the other voices into its meaning and make of the whole one triumphant outcry. Roland stood still, in doubt what to make of it, and was overtaken by Abel, who began again to abuse him.

"Now I hae yer," he said, "I'll m-mek an end on yer, yo papish scab; an' the parish'll thank me for the riddance."

He had his great brown hairy fists ready squared to second his words. Roland, seeing no escape from the disreputable challenge, turned and without lifting hand looked straight into his opponent's eyes.

"Praise be to God! Blessed be the Lamb for ever! Amen and amen and amen!"

The keeper's attention was turned, was arrested; he stared in a drunken wonder. On they came, one man and a mob of some hundred men, women and children; whereof each man, woman or child was beating the one with fist or stick, pelting him with stones, bedaubing him with mire, or at least bawling after him, before him, on either side of him, from a distance or into his ear unspeakable obscenities and blasphemies tempered with common abuse. Yet from his mouth ever issued that exultant pean.

"Hoo! Boo! Shoo!" variously howled, squealed, yelled, hissed the rabble. "Out wi' yer! Begone wi' yer! We'll hae no damned Methodiss Jacks 'ere! Down wi' prayer and preachin'! Back to yer frame or to hell! We're all for King George an' the Protestant religion! No Pretender, no wooden shoes! We're Christians, we are!"

Roland now recognized the central figure as that loud singer at the cross. His face was marked with blood, his clothes were rent, disordered and defiled, but in his sallow uplifted face was a light which did not seem native to it, as regardless of blow and revilement he cried:

"Thanks be to God, who giveth huz the vict'ry through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

A thin elderly man, a lath of a man, named Lidgett, who having once been a running footman to the Duke of

Kingston went by the nickname of Leg-it, came out of a neighboring cottage with a vessel full of the filthiest filth and cried:

"Wheer's your Methodiss? I've often heerd talk on 'em, I've niver yit seed one."

Various voices answered emulously:

"That's him!"

"'E says 'e's doomed 'ere for to con-vart uz from the horror o' gooin' to church."

"An' th' ale-'us."

"Then," said the new-comer, "I'll fresh-christen 'im. It'll be a stronger dab nor any watter nor holy ghost nay-ther."

So saying he emptied his vessel over the man's head. For the moment his loud pean was stifled; whereat his persecutors laughed and filthily railed on him. Roland stepped aside in much disgust both of the enthusiast and his ill-treatment; but Abel stood directly in his way, looking at him with a beer-drenched puzzlement, into which however some broken deceptive light was at last penetrating.

"Art a Methodiss?" he said. "Ay, y'are; yo nedn't answer, yo st-stink on't."

He seized the Methodist by the jacket and stayed him. The crowd took his part and shouted:

"Belt 'im well, Abel. Larn 'im his cat'chism, Abel. Lam into 'im, Abel. Don't ler 'im goo, Abel, while you've fetched 'im out'n his skin."

"I wain't mishtreat yer," said the keeper; "yo've gotten your bellyful o' that. I'll just sh-shake it out on yer; as if 'twere muck out'n a rotten oad sack."

So saying, Marrott putting forth all his strength lifted the stranger by his clothes and shook him violently, shook him until his jacket cried rip and parted at the seams. Then he let him go.

"How d'yer feel now?" he said.

"S-some on't windered<sup>1</sup> out on yer? To-morrer yo'll thank me, as sure's my name's Abel Marrott."

The Methodist had at last recovered his voice, and used it with a loud solemnity which compelled mockery to give him at least one ear.

"Nay," said he, "thy name has hitherto been Cain, but Abel it shall be. Thou shalt be the first 'l this place to call on the name o' the Lord and cry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Then shall the master of the feast say unto thee, 'Friend, come up higher.' But not without blood. For Cain moot first slay Abel."

Marrott flushed a wrathful crimson. Furious at hearing familiar understandable words set to a meaning obscurely evil, he clenched his ready right hand and shouted:

"Dost say as I'm C-Cain? Blood an' wovwnds! I'll larn thee to call me out o' my Chrishian name; I'll larn thee to call me Cain. C-Cain yoursen, yo——"

Before he had found epithet bad enough the big angry fist shot out at the impulse of his drunken madness and struck the Methodist between the eyes. The Methodist fell backwards and lay like a dead man. Most of the bystanders thought he was dead. Their abusive voices lapsed; their intemperate passions were neutralized by the intrusion of a sudden horror, a pity, a selfish fear. Marrott stood over him with clenched fist, straddling wide, understanding nothing but perhaps obscurely feeling somewhat of the common dread.

"Ger up again, man," he said, "so's I can gie ye all yo've a raight to."

"Nay, man Abel," said one, "yo've gied 'im thumping good measure a'ready."

"Your forest foot's a foot and a hafe," said another.

"Ay, you've sattled 'im proper," said a third.

<sup>1</sup> Winnowed.

"Yo've hafe killed 'im," said a fourth.

"Yo've killed 'im quite," said a fifth.

So the frost on their voices being suddenly thawed, a murmurous hubbub witnessed to the relief which each felt in uniting to accuse. Amid which somebody asked:

"Is't the Shropshire prophet, think ye?"

And presently everybody was saying, "It's the Shropshire prophet."

So the voices went on:

"Then Abel mun look to hissen."

"How awful still 'e ligs!"

"A man shouldn't be so lungeous."

"This comes o' tekkin' a t'nety little too much."

"'E don't oppen 'is eyes."

"And wain't."

"Wheer's the constable?"

The last word cried out to one and all of the danger there was in not taking sides.

"I'm gooin' to fetch 'im," said one.

"I'll goo wi' yer," said another.

Two or three others started on the same errand without the delay of speech. Roland strode into the middle of the road and confronted them. His anger against their common cruelty and cowardice was perhaps abetted by his self-contempt at the lateness and futility of his interference.

"You helped to kill him," he said.

"So did you, and you, and you. You're all murderers."

"I just scutched 'im wee't," said the foremost, dropping a thatch-peg; "an' 'teen't noat but a lat' as yer might say."

Others made a like haste to accuse themselves.

"I nubbut touched 'im wi' my bare hand."

"A dob o' soft dirt couldn't hurt nub-budy."

"I just hulled 'like the tothers did; and didn't hit noat nayther."

<sup>2</sup> Switched.

<sup>3</sup> Lath.

<sup>4</sup> Threw.

"I shouted at 'em to let the poor man be."

"Any'ow 'teen't no consarn o' mine."

The last speaker was not the first to withdraw his interest and presence. They showed a common readiness to take the nearest way each to his own door. The crowd melted away and left the constable to inform himself by his own official instinct.

"Yo're i' th' raight, lad," said Leg-it.

"I meant nubbut a bit of a wettish lark, an' I've larked mysen into murder. What'll the missis say?"

He went back into his house hanging his head. There was nobody about the prostrate body but Marrott at his feet, Roland at his head, and on either side of him Marrott's little three-year-old Molly and Tom Saintry, the village wastrel; who having neither goods, character nor so far as he knew soul to lose, but only a poor crazy uncared-for body, stood his ground unconcerned about consequences. The last few drops of rain had fallen; the sun again shone out, beaming with a godlike impartiality on the PK in red stitched to the booby's right shoulder, sign of his pauperism, on Roland's clenched hands, on the child's flaxen hair, on the Methodist's head laid back in a rain-puddle, on his assailant's face looking down at him. The keeper's furious crimson was reduced to a blotchy purple-gray, and he muttered as if in self-communion:

"Lifts nayther hand nor foot. As still as a stun. Dead. Then who did it?" He said again louder, as if claiming an answer, "Who did it?"

"Yersen did," answered Tom Saintry, kicking a stone away with one cobbled shoe. "A proper un an' all; a fair socker atween his two oys. All th' oad women i' th' parish couldn't a laid 'im out stiffer an' better."

"Me?" said Marrott in a still only half-awakened dread. "I'd begun to be afeared— But the man's a poor sap-

headed cratur, noat to be depended on." He looked over the body at Roland. "Yo're a scholar. Tell me. Who did it?"

"Huth, daddy!" lisped the three-year-old, and lifted her warning hand. "Man gone beebye. Huth!"

As she shook her head her flaxen hair flickered in the light as if it too were sun-born. Roland had not spoken, but something must have passed between them which Marrott took as an answer, for he said in a low slow unsteady voice:

"D'yo mean to say as 'twere me?"

"Yes," said Roland.

"Then wheer was I when I did it? I moot a bin gone away. Can they mek me 'countable for't?"

"I don't know," said Roland in a shaky voice, for the man's trouble troubled him.

"Yo're a scholar; mek it yer business for to know."

"You were drunk."

"Then I shall be damned for't, surelye."

"That's about it," said Tom Sainty; "hanged fust an' damned afterwards. But eels they skins."

The keeper's eyes fell again upon the senseless body and with a quickened horror.

"Man—if yo be a man," he said, "oppen your eyes, look at me, curse me down to hell. Any sort o' look ud be better nor them eyelids. Oh, what hae I done? What hae I done?" He fell on his knees at the Methodist's feet and cried with a loud and fully awakened voice, "What shall I do to be saved?"

The dead eyelids came to life again as if at that loud appeal. Little Molly clapped her hands and said:

"Beebye gone! Man wake! Peep-boh!"

"What shall I do to be saved?" reiterated the keeper.

Said the Methodist still as he lay,

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

"My house I care noat for, it belongs the duke, but if yo' know a tex' as'll bring this little un in, I should be fine an' bug to hear on't."

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Dost hear, Molly?" said the keeper. "That's all for thee. Heaven's the good place."

"Now," said the Methodist, "help me up, friends, for I've but a slack ho'd on the reins o' my feet."

Roland and Tom Sainty gave him the help he needed; as for Marrott he was still on his knees.

"S'help me, surry!" said Tom. "What meks yer sweg\* so? Hae yer crammed all yer pockets wi' word o' God?"

"Ay, lad, an' my innards an' all," said the Methodist.

"Oat of a taste?"

"The contrairy of the angel's little book; bitter to the mouth but sweet as honey i' the belly."

Tom shook his head.

"Nay, I allus judges by the mouth; belly mun tek care o' hissen."

Marrott rose to his feet, trembling. Molly, unheeded, tried to wipe the mud off his knees with her little pinner.

"Don't let me goo, friends," said the Methodist; "I feel like to swownd again."

Marrott put aside his trembling and clasped him under the arm-pits; Roland and Tom took each a leg, and so they bore him to the nearest cottage, Leg-it's as it happened. It was pretty to see the little one put up both her tiny hands and help daddy to support his end of the weight. Leg-it's wife opened the door and they went in just as the rector, who was also a justice of the peace, came down the road attended by the warden and the clerk. Before his portly cassocked presence

\* Sag, hang heavily.

and severe aspect the road was clear; but when he turned the corner, without hurrying his stately advance he overtook old Nick Bradley, who was stiff with rheumatism, and young Joe Kipping, who had lingered too long over the strong October of the "Blue Boy." The one he fined a shilling on the spot for non-attendance at church, and the other he committed to the stocks for drunkenness.

"Coom in," Mrs. Lidgett had said, "coom in. Lay 'im on this langsettle.\* 'E looks badly, but I'm glad it's no worse. My mester's i' th' chamber, prayer-mad. Hark!"

Through the stair-door, which opened into the house-place, they could hear the man praying above with a loud but broken utterance.

"Lord, save me from hangin'. For th' oad missis's sake. She belongs a respectable fam'ly, as has niver hed no truck w' the gallers. Lord, save me from such a ill-convenient unlikeable sort o' death. Lord, bring the man to life again. Thou canst as alsy as winkin'. For the missis's sake! An' Jesus Christ an' all. Amen. Or if such uns as yo don't think much to oad women, and I can't deny but what they bain't much to look at, Lord, do it again the day o' joodgment. It'll be a terrible throng time w' yer all, and 'twill be non the wuss for yer to hae a few o' these measly litle jobs done aforehand. Amen."

His wife went to the stair-door and called up.

"Mester! Thou'rt wastin' breath. The man's alive a'ready. Stop thy clapper an' coom down."

The man sprang up; they heard him; heard a hurried blundering down the stairs, and into the room he burst, his eyes wild with an unexpected expectancy. He dropped on his knees beside the langsettle and cried with uplifted hands and face:

\* A kind of wooden sofa.

"Lord, yo've done it! I thank yer. I know 'twarn't on my account but them tothers' I mentioned. But all the same I thank yer kindly for this good turn; and what amends a such un as me can mek to a such un as yo, mek I will."

Abel Marrott said, "I'm another; I say amen to that;" and knelt where he had stood.

Little Molly knelt beside him, likewise held up her dimpled hands to heaven and laughed and uttered sweet prayer-prattle.

"Kneeling seems to be the fashion," said the house-wife. "Well, I know the floor's clean."

She knelt beside her husband. Tom Sainty seemed uneasy at being left out.

"Dang it," said he, "it's as alsy as stanning. Any'ow it's a change."

He too knelt. The stricken Methodist was revived by the sight of those kneeling five as no medicaments could have revived him. He stood up and with hands-outspread over them, head and spirit uplifted above them, prayed as they had never heard prayer before, in their own familiar language but occupied and possessed by an altogether unfamiliar inspiration. Roland drew back to the door and listened, half in the house, half out on the road. But soon he began to feel such strange stirrings and drawings, he knew not whence, knew not whither, that he feared the heretic was using some illicit influence upon him. He walked away out of the reach of it. The others remained, and of them were the beginnings of Methodism at Kirkby.

The revivalist was a stockinger of Basford named Simpson, so it was said at the "Admiral Anson" that night, with many an oath and loud committal of him to the hottest of places. Ted Crabb, solitary in the contrary opinion, swore back with his usual freedom. For which he was presented by

the churchwarden to the next quarter sessions for blasphemy in an ale-house

on the Lord's day, and was fined a shilling.

(To be continued.)

## "UGLINESS," "BEAUTY" AND MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

I salute in Mr. Harrison, before I go into action, a veteran of the Old Guard, one of the original band who gathered round the mast when this Review was launched just five-and-thirty years ago, in the "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus." On his own field of legal history I should not venture to challenge him; in that of the morals and methods of art his authority is more questionable, and I venture to dispute the reasoning and conclusions of his recent article.<sup>1</sup> I will not linger over some more than doubtful literary history<sup>2</sup> in his opening pages, nor stop to discuss the judgment that dismisses Wagner as unmelodious, that brings Doré the illustrator and the writers of *feuilletons* about millionaires and motors into the discussion of great art. My business is with his general attitude towards what he stamps as foul or ugly in the arts, and more particularly in the art of one sculptor.

It would take me too far to deal with all the writers who horrify Mr. Harrison: but his list of the openers of the gates includes Tolstoi, Ibsen and Zola.<sup>3</sup> These are all what may be called "uncomfortable" writers, and it is this quality, perhaps, rather than the grossness of detail that might be urged against one of them, that links them, in Mr. Harrison's mind, with so differ-

ent a writer as d'Annunzio. They are uncomfortable writers for the sentimentalist, and it is the revenge of reality on the sentimentalist that he ceases to be able to recognize a moralist when he meets one. If a critical case is to be urged against them, it is surely not that they are servants of foulness, but that they are haters of it so fervent that their view of life becomes distorted. Their analogues in English literature are Mr. Harrison's friends, Carlyle and Ruskin. The grave moralist and puritan Tolstoi, the ironic moralist Ibsen, the furious moralist Zola describe ugly things, but they certainly do not love them; and if boys and furtive readers of more advanced years go to Zola for his grossness, it is exactly as these boys go to certain pages of the Bible. They would not go in that spirit if a shameful secrecy were not maintained about matters that every human being ought to understand. That the spirit rather than the matter of these writers offends Mr. Harrison becomes clear if we put beside this list another, which he has himself furnished in a gossip about the books to which he turns by preference in his library.<sup>4</sup> He does not condemn writers because they deal with the erotic or the scabrous side of life; for among the ancients he singles out for eulogy Petronius, Apuleius and Longus, the author of *Daphnis and Chloe*. These are writers whom Mudie would not circulate in a complete translation; writers who describe what is forbidden to the libraries not with the puritan's

<sup>1</sup>"The Cult of the Foul," *Nineteenth Century and After*, February 1912. *The Living Age*, March 23, 1912.

<sup>2</sup>E.g. his tracing of the extravagance of "Monte Cristo" to the example of Hugo. Hugo was undoubtedly an influence with Dumas; but they were exactly contemporaries, and Monte Cristo was nearly twenty years the senior of Jean Valjean.

<sup>3</sup>Gorky also, who, it must be remembered, has come up from the hell he describes, as did Dante, who went down into his.

<sup>4</sup>"Among my Books," *English Review*, January and February 1912.

repugnance, but with complaisance and zest. To this list are added the authors of the *Fabliaux*, Boccaccio, and Rabelais. So Mr. Harrison's surprising position is that writers who enjoy this element are praiseworthy, writers who detest it are "foul."

There is no question here, be it remembered, of pornographers; they are more often to be found in the ranks of pseudo-scientific writers than of artists. Nor does Mr. Harrison, it is clear, object to plainness of speech. What is considered indecent in spoken or printed language varies with time and place. In polite American circles the word "leg" is said to be taboo, just as for a short period "trousers" were "unmentionables" in ladylike English. In our own day some dozen direct words at most are unprintable, and that not in all cases because they are not wanted in literature, but a good deal because the simple words have become, on the lips that habitually use them, *malhon-nêtes*. Hence the need of periphrasis. But there is nothing human, given the imaginative necessity for its expression, that literature cannot decently handle, however wary the handling must be in a region devastated by the leering habit. Mr. Harrison allows, if I understand him, that Boccaccio and Rabelais have a right to this region on their own terms: what is difficult, in the face of prudery, is to maintain for poetry its greater right, the right to treat as clean and sacred the passionate climax of life.

Mr. Harrison's idea that the three modern writers enumerated represent a mere reaction against the blamelessness of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and their period is quite untenable. It is rather the case that the convention of these last is an interruption in literary tradition; the convention, namely, that nothing should be printed for grown-up people that could not be read in the nursery. For Scott and Dickens

this very likely meant no constraint; indeed, for Dickens it meant an inspiration, since each period of literature has the great writers proper to it.\* But Thackeray was not so happy; his themes required a greater freedom, and we know how he chafed under the restrictions of the libraries. The code, already infringed in different ways by Byron and Shelley, was short-lived. Later novelists, from Meredith and Hardy onwards, have sacrificed the wide nursery audience to the demands of a more masculine conscience, and have left the provision of nursery literature to those who are happy within its boundaries. I do not deny that the change from one convention to another and the growth of free speech have been the opportunity for uncomfortable writers of another cast, who found an ambiguous pleasure in breaking in upon the nursery for the sake of shocking the nurse. Such incidents are the toll we pay for the Mudie period; but even if the nurse is as much shocked as she is taught to appear, it takes a very great deal, I believe, really to shock our grandmothers, which is the aim, Mr. Harrison says, of much recent art. Our grandfathers, perhaps, are more frequently shocked; but what in them is rendered uncomfortable is less often a tender than a guilty conscience.

If the free handling of life by moralists like Tolstoi, Ibsen and Zola is not the obscene in art, what is? I, for my part, find it in just the sort of thing which the sentimentalists usually ad-

\*I do not know whether it has ever been observed, and if not I add the observation as my trifling contribution to the subject of the day, why Sam Weller was created. He was brought upon the scene to reassure timid readers on the propriety of Mr. Jingle and Miss Wardle when Wardle caught them at the inn after their elopement. It had to be unobtrusively established that they had occupied separate bedrooms, in the situation that is the nearest point to tragedy permitted in the histories of our stage, that of a night spent blamelessly together away from home by members of the opposite sex. Dickens ingeniously brought a character on to prove this by his comments on the boots collected from the different doors, and out of this trifling occasion sprang the immortal Weller!

mire. That lascivious prettiness which pervades our library literature and popular drama is also the characteristic of the painting and sculpture usually called "academic." This admixture of the sensual and seductive with sacred and heroic themes and persons is what made classic sculpture from Praxiteles downwards a popular tyranny of fashion till the other day. It was this that tainted the art of Perugino and Raphael, that was gradually corrupting the art even of Leonardo, and makes that of his followers noisome; this that affected the middle period of Titian; in later times reached a climax in Greuze, and later still struggled with the ascetic draughtsman's impulse of Ingres, winning a ludicrous triumph in the *Turkish Bath*. This same mixture forms the staple of the "ideal" pictures in our academies, rendered the painting of so considerable a designer as Leighton nauseous, and became comically indecent in Calderon's *Renunciation* and many other specimens of Chantrey art. This same mixture makes novels popular, and, blessed by the Censor, fills our theatres with close-packed rows of matrons, curates, young people and old gentlemen, who murmur, while the little dressmakers' models on the stage languish, display and undress themselves, "Beautiful scenery!" York Powell used to tell how he went to a music-hall with a certain Highland Professor of history. There came upon the stage a planturous lady in tights, who sang about the hymns she had learned at her mother's knee. "Hymns and tights!" moaned the Highlander; "Hymns and tights," Powell! What a nation!" Neither the Highlander nor the Frenchman condemns one or the other of those things in their own place, but he does not so often mix them; and what shocks both of them in the Brit-

ish (I reserve "English" for a cleaner tradition), is just their complacent adoration of the mixture, which is what, in this country, is usually described as "pure." The quality of this "purity" is brought out in the incomparably British legend (dear to academics) of Lady Godiva, who is said to have ridden naked through Coventry, but did not do so because everyone was shut up indoors. Neither side could trust its pride and modesty to such an ordeal. The hero and martyr of the occasion was Peeping Tom, who was obliged to look through a keyhole. The British and the French, like Blake's angels and devils, shock one another, and what the foreigner observes with wonder in Mrs. and Miss Grundy is an extraordinary gift for affecting to be singing a hymn, while—but I had better follow Mr. Harrison no further.

Mr. Harrison's main theme is Auguste (not, by the way, "Augustin") Rodin, and his art, and this introduces us to a tangle of ideas about sculpture, and its relation to the other arts, that we must try to clear up. First, however, a word about Rodin's place in history and influence. He is not, as Mr. Harrison seems to think, a very recent influence, and he is no longer a fashionable one. The school that is now occupying critics and youthful artists is a different one—a school of simplified and massive forms, more architectural than Rodin's, represented by the Frenchman Maillol, the Servian Mestrovic and the semi-English Epstein. This by the way. Rodin is a veteran, born nine years later than Mr. Harrison himself, who, after untold struggles, first emerged into recognition with *L'âge d'airain* in the year 1877. This figure at least Mr. Harrison would admire; it is so close-modelled on life that it was rejected from the Salon as a cast from the model. The phase that Mr. Harrison detests began with Rodin's study of Dante, the book that

<sup>4</sup>In deference to any over-sensitive readers of this Review I weaken the plain word used, though Mr. Harrison has been, shall I say *αἰσχρόλογος* with a relish in his descriptions of Rodin's sculpture.

of all others Mr. Harrison admires.<sup>7</sup> The effort to express the passions of the *Inferno* in terms of another art took the shape of the *Porte de l'Enfer*, a project several times remodelled and never completed; and the *Ugolino* (a subject, by the way, handled by Reynolds also, properest of academics) is but one episode from that whole, as is also *Danaïde*, and many other pieces, which have been detached and carried out separately. The source and subjects, then, are not themselves corrupt; but here, Mr. Harrison says, is the radical error of Rodin: the attempt to give plastic shape to what can only properly be treated in literature. I will deal with that general question in a moment, but first let me remark that if Rodin is wrong, his error is by no means a new one; there is an unbroken medieval tradition in sculpture and painting dealing with the torments of the damned that is continued at the Renaissance and reaches its climax in the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo. This tradition was brutal and somewhat farcical, one of grotesque devils pitchforking unhappy souls into the jaws of Hell, or playing various obscene tricks with them, an external and physical idea of damnation. What Dante did was to combine with the lingering horrors and foulness of that conception the idea that had been gathering substance from Homer to Virgil of a world in which unhappiness was not a punishment but a state, in which souls were "themselves their own fever and pain"; and what Rodin did was further to free the conception from a shallow and grotesque externality, and present it in a series of typical episodes of creatures self-tormented by appetite and lust. There has therefore, from first to last, been a give-and-take in this theme between sculpture and literature, in which sculp-

ture has had nearly as much to say for itself as literature.

Was this a mistake, as Mr. Harrison thinks? We must at once allow to him, though he gives entirely wrong reasons for the view, that in representing the terrible, the horrible and the pitiful, it does make a difference whether the art be that of words, of painting or of sculpture. One great difference is that of immediacy; words do not render the thing seen, but refer to it only, and can therefore pass at once from the material fact, half visualized, to its moral implications, with just as little or as much pressure on the image evoked as the artist chooses. The painter's image, or the sculptor's, on the other hand, does necessarily fix the eye and mind on the material fact, on the terrible or pitiful figure; and there is a difference also between the painter's and the sculptor's image in this respect: not the difference Mr. Harrison sets up, that one is an art of surfaces and the other not, for both are arts of surfaces, tangible as well as visible in the case of sculpture, visible only in the case of painting. The difference is that painting can use much more freely than sculpture means of attenuation. Painting, rendering only one point of view, differs in that respect from sculpture in the round, though not from sculpture in relief (which is half drawing, and which Rodin used in the *Gate of Hell*); but painting also has the resources of fixed shadow and of atmosphere, as well as the devices of an immensely freer composition to cover up, to veil, to work by suggestion rather than by complete presentation. It is, by the way, an extension of some of those devices, already employed in relief sculpture (compare the "stiacciato" of Donatello's almost vaporous *Christ's Charge to Peter* at Kensington), to sculpture in the round that Mr. Harrison objects to; the emergence of half-veiled shapes from the marble, the

<sup>7</sup> All of us to whom Dante is the new Bible. To me Dante has ever been the source and foundation of my love of great imaginative thought. "English Review," January 1912.

leaving parts of a figure or group engaged in the block. Rodin is here meeting Mr. Harrison half way, but gets no thanks for it. I point this out, but do not insist, because I do not think those are Rodin's happiest works; his best work is not in marble, but in bronze. I come back to the crux of the argument. It is admitted that literature, with a Dante, may treat of the horrible and pitiful; it is admitted that if sculpture so treats, the impression produced, being solid and material, is visually more intense. What, then, are the demands of the imagination on the sculpture, if he take up responsibilities admittedly so heavy? We may answer generally that the image created must justify, in its beauty and significance, the horror that it brings before not only our mind but our eyes, justify to the eyes in beauty, to the mind in significance. Let us take the second of these demands first, and ask what it implies in the sculptor's art. He is required, evidently, to find, in terms of modelling, what will convey to us not merely the brute fact, but his attitude towards the fact; his horrible or pitiful figure must become not merely visible to the eye, but expressive to the imagination, carry with it a sentiment of pity, awe, repugnance or revolt. The thing must cry out its meaning; such tame scientific enumeration of facts as is proper in a text-book of pathology will be disgusting in a work of art. The artist must minimize the insignificant facts, underline and emphasize the significant, so that just as the humane spectator of the fact, unless he be a doctor, will not set to work to catalogue to himself what he sees, but will exclaim, "How terrible!" so will he on seeing the sculpture, and pass on with a mind "purged by pity and terror."

But the odd thing is that just at this point of the argument Mr. Harrison becomes unbelievably wrong-headed, and denies to the art of tragic sculpture the

means of justifying its existence. He goes further; he denies to sculpture any means of expression whatever. It is his incredible belief that sculpture begins and ends with the exact reproduction, as by a cast, of the human form. If that be so, why do we have sculptors at all? We have, indeed, very few; most so-called sculptors are content with imperfect casts of the human form, just as most so-called painters are content with bungled photographs. But the art of the painter or sculptor only begins where the photograph or the cast leaves off, begins with the choice and emphasis of forms that make lucid, in the outer image, the inner spirit. But then, says Mr. Harrison, you turn sculpture into an art of caricature. Certainly: or more precisely caricature is an expressive image for the purposes of comedy or farce; but the tragic image is arrived at by the same processes of elimination, emphasis, and creative remaking that satire uses with another intention. Portraiture itself gains its object by this process; but what we call "caricature" in the comic image we call "character" in the serious portrait; and Rodin, in his *Balzac*, his *Hugo*, his many splendid busts, is a master of portraiture, because he there works to bring out in his modelling the essential character that in the photograph or the cast is covered up and disguised by a hundred casual and trivial details. The two processes, that of getting the tame facts and that of modifying for expression, are, as it happens, very distinct in Rodin's practice. Mr. Harrison calls him an "impressionist" sculptor. I do not know what that means, unless the method of working for an effect from one point of view only—a method fatal if the point of view is altered. Rodin's method is the reverse: he arrives at his facts by studying the profiles of a form from endless points of view. When this process is complete, the bust or fig-

ure exists as Mr. Harrison would have it, save that it has those "movements" of life impossible to the relaxed muscles of the cast. On this he then works for "expression," amplifying here, reducing there, bringing out the latent character, till the form tells the story he has read in it. It was a long time before he would admit that there was any such modification: the process was so half-conscious that twelve years ago he held out that all he did was to amplify contours a little to allow for the irradiation of light. But in the book Mr. Harrison quotes from, Rodin, or his interpreter, concedes all that I then contended for, the exaggeration of traits and gestures for expressive purposes. I may add that to one who can read between the lines it is evident that M. Gsell, the amiable reporter, has "amplified" in places what Rodin himself is likely to have said. There is a sentimental filling out of the text that should be received with caution. Rodin arrives only gradually at the theory of what he has been doing, and catches often at an explanation offered, just as he waits for a title to be proposed for something he has created by a plastic inspiration.

So much on the side of significance and expression. But those embodiments of horror might still be intolerable if they were not beautiful as well as expressive, since beauty is the medicine of art for wounds to sensibility. And here we come to more difficult ground. It is usual to bilk the discussion by the assertion that the "ugly" as well as the beautiful has its place in art. But that is to talk nonsense, and give the case of tragic art away; and I propose to pursue the argument further. This use of "ugly" and "beautiful" rests upon ambiguity and confusion; we employ the words in two senses. When we speak of a "beautiful" woman we

mean not necessarily that she is a "beautiful" object to draw, for most of her poses will be useless to the artist; we mean partly that her rhythm and color and movement are beautiful, but we mean also that she is to us as men admirable or desirable: admirable for the qualities of health, youth, perfection of structure, for the harmony of nature and promise of womanly virtues of which we find an index in natural physical signs; on the other hand, we more frequently mean that she is seductive to the senses, and people who use "beauty" chiefly to mean this are completely puzzled when they hear others call the face of an aged crone as painted by Rembrandt "beautiful"—more beautiful than a pretty face by Greuze or Bouguereau. The seduction, the youth, the associations which they have included in the word "beauty" have passed away from Rembrandt's subject, and even the moral associations of a fine character, to which the face is an index, may also be wanting; associations for which once more we use that hard-worked word when we should use "noble." But if we limit "beauty" to the elements of rhythm in line, proportion in parts, harmony in color, the crone's head as painted may be as beautiful as the lovely girl's, or more so. This is what "beauty" means to the artist, and those other elements belong to the side, not of beauty, but of significance. On that side they have their enormous importance: the significance to us of loveliness is so great that artists will constantly sacrifice more beautiful subjects for its sake, but if we wish to be clear-headed we shall call it "loveliness" and not "beauty." The truth is—and here I shall be accused, no doubt, of paradox, but I must follow where the argument leads—the truth is that the element of beauty in a lovely woman is small compared with the attraction she exercises by her perfection as a woman. A human being,

\* *L'Art* par Auguste Rodin. "Entretiens réunis" par Paul Gsell.

considered rhythmically, is at the best a spoiled animal, distorted by standing on its hind legs. We condone the loss of beauty for the sake of the measure of divinity which the animal through this loss has attained; but in beauty, pure and simple, a toad is more complete than an Apollo or a Venus. This is the reason why an element of silliness clings to classic sculpture in which the human figure is posed as an object of pure beauty, and why such efforts so soon decline into voluptuous prettiness. The human figure is hardly beautiful enough for unoccupied pose as a pure ornament, and sculpture must engage it in block-like shapes, as did Michael Angelo, or give it the rhythm and significance of action, as does Rodin, to relieve it of this haunting insufficiency.

We are now ready to confront Mr. Harrison's crowning example of the horrible and foul in Rodin's art, for I do not think I need defend his *Bourgeois de Calais*. That splendid piece of character work solves a problem in design never before attempted. For Rodin here is not dealing with the composition of one single figure to be seen from all the points on a circle in succession—the ordinary and difficult enough problem of the sculptor in the round—but with six figures at once, that move among themselves as the spectator moves, an infinite, almost, of design. I will pass from that and come to *La Vieille Heaulmière*. Mr. Harrison tells us that the title means, in antique French, "The Old Strumpet." His obsession here has obscured his scholarship, for the words mean simply "The Armorer's (helmet-maker's) daughter grown old," the subject of Villon's poem. I have heard an eminent Academician say of this figure that "no gentleman could have done it." Certainly no mere gentleman could, but the phrase seems to point to a confusion of two arts. If we were to put upon the stage, or to bring into a room to be

stared at, an old woman such as is here sculptured, the effect would be shocking, because whether she minded it or not, we should imagine it for her as a personal outrage, and therefore be uncomfortable. But we must not be frightened by being told that she is "ugly." She is far from lovely, but any artist who can free himself from the enthralling attraction of loveliness will tell you that the deeply marked character, the engraving of Time in fold and wrinkle make her as much more ready and rich material for drawing than a smooth pretty girl, as a gnarled tree is more beautiful than a slip from the nursery-man. To this beauty in the subject the artist has added the rhythm of the pose, which at the same time expresses the tragic appeal of dejection, weariness and feebleness in the decrepit being. We are weak creatures; we cannot stand a great deal of knowledge about ourselves; we must, for the most part, pass easily, without looking or thinking, on one side or the other; a figure like this is not an ornament for the dining-room or the drawing-room or the street; but either the *Triumph of Time* was a morbid deviation of the poet's, or the sculptor also has his right to compose a *De Senectute* less comfortable than Cicero's. And if this be permitted, the particular subject here treated calls for realism, since that is of its essence.

So much for the tragic side of Rodin's work, but there is another count in the indictment. Rodin is also erotic. We are, all of us, in our degree, erotic, except a few unfortunates. Not all the great creators have given in their art a special expression to this element; but the most various and healthy, as well as the most narrow and morbid are apt to do so. The Eros of Rodin is not the green-sickness of the *Venus and Adonis* of Shakespeare, nor the conventional gauloiserie of the *Contes Drolatiques*; nor is it one of the deviations

that afflicted some of his great predecessors in plastic art; it is not the obscene compromise of a Leda or a Danaë, still less is it the perversion of British prudery. He touches more than one point in the poetry of love, that ranges from *The Song of Songs* to Dante. And he is found, at times, among the Fauns and Satyrs, as how could he fail to be, having himself their form? His Satyrs are Satyrs unashamed; the Frenchman, when he

The Nineteenth Century and After.

joins the Bacchantes, does it almost as frankly as the Greek Brygos who painted ithyphallic riots on his vases. But, the Dionysus of Rodin being Dionysus, his Apollo also is Apollo.

When sculptors use tragic realism, Mr. Harrison calls it "foul"; when they set out to render "dreams," he tells them it is impossible. Let him ask Donatello and Michael Angelo what they think of the domain he would allow their art.

D. S. MacColl.

## LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM. \*

"It's little good comes out of writing for newspapers." So said Thackeray's Captain Shandon, then taking his holiday on the other side of the Channel, and immediately adding: "It's better here, living easy at Boulogne, where the wine's plenty, and the brandy costs but two francs a bottle."<sup>1</sup> According to severer authorities than Shandon, who, broadly speaking, belonged to his period, not only to write for newspapers was no good, but to have anything to do with them was to play into Satan's hands, and to risk demoralization, moral, spiritual, and intellectual. for, in his edition of his father's literary biography,<sup>2</sup> the younger Coleridge, with not less of indignant gravity than, to the modern reader it may seem, of freedom from all sense of humor, devotes several pages to showing the elder Coleridge's connection with newspapers did not really justify any imputation upon his piety. Some thirteen years before the appearance of Coleridge's self-revelations, there had been paid in the *Last Essays of Elia* a

well-known tribute to the editor and creator of the *Morning Post*, the consummate Daniel Stuart, for whom not only Coleridge and Lamb, but the poet Wordsworth himself, had been glad to write. Wordsworth, however, who should have been an authority on a matter of this kind, thought that the newspaper influences so unfavorable to Coleridge's clerical orthodoxy came, not from his contributions to the *Morning Post*, but from his editorship of the *Watchman*. That print, eschewing the odious name of a newspaper, called itself a miscellany deigning, in deference to the popular demand, to report and discuss matters of domestic and foreign policy. Coleridge's son and editor gravely, even sorrowfully, admits that to edit for any length of time a periodical work which is the successful organ of its party, is indeed, in some degree, a danger to the moral and spiritual sense. Nor, apparently, does it occur to him that this danger may disappear when the organ in question is so little of a success as was Coleridge's, and its public composed of none but admittedly good Anglo-Catholics themselves. After this prelude, the family representatives of the Highgate sage deal with certain theological and metaphysical generalities, that may be

\* "Sterne, Coleridge." By H. D. Traill (English Men of Letters Series.) (Messrs. Macmillan.) "Thomas Love Peacock." By Carl Van Doren. (Messrs. Dent.) "Coleridge's Biographia Epistolaria." Edited by A. Turnbull. 2 vols. (George Bell and Sons.)

<sup>1</sup> "Pendennis," Vol. II., chapter 6.

<sup>2</sup> See "Biographia Literaria," Vol. I., Part I., page lvi. (Pickering, 1857.)

passed by, so successfully as to clear the august memory from the aspersions originating only in the fact of Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, the great spiritual teacher of his age, having been also the successful journalist. In other words, the editor of the *Watchman* had touched the undoubted pitch of authorship, and the more dangerous pitch of journalism, demonstrably without contracting any defilement such as could unfit him for representing Catholic principles in their most august shape. So much for Coleridge. But long before his time, the reproach of "writing for the newspapers" had been considered the worst that could be brought against respectable citizens in Church or State. Early in the nineteenth century, however, the taunt was losing its sting, largely as a consequence of the great qualities in the periodical Press shown by those very High Churchmen whose lineage was afterwards traced back to Coleridge himself. Stuart's staff, in addition to Coleridge's most famous contemporaries already named, included the Shakespearian scholar and first literary critic of the age, Hazlitt, and Thomas De Quincey. De Quincey, indeed, two years after Coleridge's death, and more than a decade before Coleridge's representatives had put forth the *apologia* on which something has been said, vigorously vindicated the English newspaper and its writers in *Tait's Magazine* for December, 1836.<sup>3</sup> Without literary talent of a various and high order, no journal can, he said, now hold its own. This claim for the newspaper to be considered as much a part and parcel of literature as the book was not advanced by De Quincey for the first time; it had been asserted or assumed by all the prose masters of the Georgian age, with the single exception, as Mr. Traill reminds

us, of Laurence Sterne. The attention given by the present writer elsewhere to more ancient instances of the connection now mentioned, makes it desirable that he should confine himself as closely as may be to our own time. Incidentally, however, it may be pointed out that Fielding, not less than Smollett, educated himself in the dramatist's and novelist's school for the work of newspaper writer. As regards the author of the *Sentimental Journey*, the accident of personal pique, rather than any genuine contempt for the journalist's business, explains his paraded avoidance of all connection with newspapers of every sort. On that particular point there can be no better authority than the late H. D. Traill, himself, like others with whom he was associated, in due course to be mentioned, an excellent specimen of the genuine man of letters and practical journalist combined. In the second of his volumes whose title is placed at the head of these remarks, he gives the true explanation. The ecclesiastical uncle of "Uncle Toby's" creator wished his nephew to ply the pen in the columns of his party organ. "I would not write newspaper paragraphs, thinking it beneath me. From that time my uncle became my bitterest enemy."<sup>4</sup> Designed by nature, as Lord Morley of Blackburn once happily put it, to write *causeries* in a library, H. D. Traill eventually found a congenial field for the display of his peculiar gifts on the staff of a great newspaper, which at different times has done more than any of its morning contemporaries to exemplify the truth emphasized, with many pertinent instances, by one of Traill's *Pall Mall Gazette* predecessors, who notably illustrated, by his own variously accomplished pen, the truth of his words. Journalism, said James Hannay, like occasional verse or the lighter

<sup>3</sup> Masson's edition of De Quincey (*Black*). Vol. XI., page 313. "A Tory's Account of Toryism, Whiggism, and Radicalism."

<sup>4</sup> "Sterne," page 17.

departments of *belles lettres* generally, is but a branch of literature as the parent trunk. And that to-day not only sums up, but exhausts, a subject, which in the earlier days now looked back on, caused periodical controversies, in their way and at certain points reminding one of the ancient feud between art or poetry and philosophy, culminating as it did in the demand of Socrates for the expulsion of poets from his Republic.

Joubert, born in 1754 and dying in 1824, witnessed the establishment in its present form of the French newspaper system. He evidently saw in the encroachments of the journal on the book a danger to letters, not unlike that anticipated by Socrates to government, from the influence of imaginative writers generally; for the posthumous papers published by Chateaubriand remind the people of the modern Athens, with all its rising wealth of literary novelties, that the gods had only bestowed art upon the old Athens because they were unable to give it truth. Certainly the leisurely conditions under which H. D. Traill and his contemporaries did much, if not most, of their periodical work enabled them to invest their daily or weekly articles with a genuinely literary flavor that is only a rare survival now, but that was almost universal then. By what general means, and especially by the agency of what individuals, did nineteenth century literature thus succeed in annexing journalism to itself as completely as had been done by the earlier masters, already mentioned, of the period?

The Thackeray celebrations of last summer, and the Dickens centenary ritual that this year is to bring with it, suggest to the mental vision the two most widely penetrating literary influences of the Victorian age, under whose spell no worker in any department of the writing craft could choose but come. As with the models, so

with the educating and intellectual interests of the time. All the best of these were literary, and literary alone. Dickens during more than a quarter of a century not only taught but trained to a mastery of literary technique a long sequence of writers who found favor with their employers and with the public in proportion, not as they imitated his style, but as they bettered his instruction. He had begun his course of editorship with *Bentley's Miscellany* in 1837; he continued it in 1846 with the *Daily News*; he resumed it with *Household Words* in 1850. *All the Year Round* once more occupied him with the old work. He only ceased to superintend the operations of his literary executants, as well as to stimulate them by the contagious example of his own products, on that July day, 1870, when pen and proofs together dropped from his hand at Gadshill. As a literary leader Dickens had no rival among men of genius classed with himself. He lacked, indeed, the blend of aptitude, taste, and application that fit a man for the conduct of a daily sheet. But in the case of magazines, whereas Thackeray only cared or troubled to detect merit or to suggest improvements in conditions that for some reason or other proved congenial to his own humor, Dickens not only possessed, but industriously cultivated, an instinct that detected the elements of excellence or the glimmer of promise in the floods of anonymous "copy" that washed round his editorial desk, however little those specimens may have appealed to his own personal preference. An instance of this, so characteristic and so much to the point as to deserve notice here, is given by Dickens himself in his preface to those of Adelaide Procter's poems that have ministered relief or pleasure, since their collection in book shape, to innumerable readers, from Queen Victoria herself down to the humblest and most

desolate of her subjects. "Miss Mary Berwick" to use her pseudonym in indicating the poetess, had sent in, during 1853, to *Household Words*, some lines thought by the editor, in his own words, to be "very different from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through his office." The lines were printed; further compositions were invited. It was not till the December of 1854 that Dickens, dining with an old and dear friend distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, was enabled to identify the rising star he had been the first to sight as his host's daughter, Adelaide Anne Proctor, who, together with her mother, lived to within a measurable distance of the twentieth century. H. D. Traill's *Sterne* has already given him a place among the pure men of letters who adorned the journalism of the Victorian age. Another biographer of Tristram Shandy's creator, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, alone represents to-day the almost vanished fellowship of those who, at the same time as Adelaide Procter in metre, were at work for the same master in prose, narrative and essay. The Dickensian methods generally, and especially the Dickensian instructions to favorite hands engaged on the Dickensian periodicals, have been explained so fully by Mr. Fitzgerald, with so much of practical knowledge and authority, that there is nothing more to be said about the working of the intellectual machinery set in periodical motion by the author of *David Copperfield*. The very title borne by that masterpiece, seldom or never popularly employed in its completeness, is a reminder that its author possessed scarcely less of a gift for self-education than for observing varieties of circumstance and character, as well as studying the humors of mankind of all predicaments. The full designation of the book on its title page is "The Personal Adventures and Experiences of David Copperfield the

Younger." Who will miss here the audible echo of Defoe? while other titles revive memories of Smollett. Dickens perfected his art by studies of the London streets, and taught those whom he controlled to do the same, but from childhood he had trained his observant faculties on a plan evolved from the systematic and concentrated reading of at least all the English classics. He expected that those who wrote for him should have done the same. When their childhood had been denied these opportunities, as notably in the case of G. A. Sala, he plainly told his disciples to find their school, college, and certificate of graduation in the British Museum reading room. Dramatist, as the author of *The Strange Gentleman*, a comic burletta for which John Parry furnished the still remembered music, and of *The Village Coquettes*, whose melodious accompaniment came from Hullah, essayist, as well as novelist. In this variety of parts and their masterly performance, Dickens resembled Fielding rather than any other English predecessor in his art. His influence upon the school he created was shown by his pupils not more in the imitation of himself than in their assimilation of the best that has been written.

Of "those about" Dickens, perhaps in his day the most widely known, if now the least remembered, was Andrew Halliday, the canny Aberdonian, who "adapted" *The Lady of the Lake*, supplied J. L. Toole with *The Birthplace of Todgers*, and whom Dickens bracketed with himself as the manufacturer of those social essays that, long since a drug in the market, were then a novelty. To the plastic power of Dickens's editorial hands, the material to be worked on seemed sometimes almost a matter of indifference. The already mentioned Mr. Percy Fitzgerald brought to the *Household Words* school rare literary gifts as well as the highest academic discipline and polish; Joseph

C. Parkinson had been a Junior Bank and Civil Service clerk; John Hollingshead had begun life as a commercial traveller. Neither Parkinson nor Hollingshead remained long on the periodical Press. While they belonged to it, both did their work not only well, but in the spirit and with the thoroughness of men who loved letters, and who never sat down to fill a column without some pattern of literary excellence mentally before them. The purely with-sharpening effect of the Dickensian discipline upon them may be judged from their subsequent successes in the very different lines, Parkinson of colliery administration, and Hollingshead of theatrical management.

In an entirely different category, of course, stands George Augustus Sala, ranked by Dickens himself with such other of his contributors as Charles Reade and Mrs. Gaskell. Sala, Dickens remarked to Forster, is unsurpassed as regards his capabilities of help in magazine enterprise.<sup>5</sup> Yet over and above his strongly made and swiftly acquisitive brain, even Sala brought to his work for Dickens, and, indeed, to his whole literary course, few advantages of early training. Like Thackeray, his earliest attraction had been to art, and though he had never studied Thackeray's branch of art, he had nearly the same skill as Thackeray in decorating his manuscript with rough caricatures, but his eyesight proved neither fine nor strong enough for the engraver's needle. He had no sooner made this discovery than he reshaped his entire industrial course. Though beyond a smattering of modern languages he had brought little away with him from school, he was indebted to his exemplary mother, a public singer, for valuable acquaintances, including the great patron of that period, the first Marquis

of Clanricarde. He, seeing the lad's readiness with his pen, secured him his first chances on the Press, and especially with Dickens. Sala had already secured a ticket for the great Bloomsbury temple of learning, whose votaries then included a majority, probably, of the greatest successes in newspaper London. Once established on the staff of *Household Words*, he continued the curriculum already begun at the Museum with fresh energy, because it had been pursued in his younger days by Dickens himself, who for years had doubled the parts of parliamentary reporter and British Museum student. Sala united with mental qualities falling little short of genius the West Indian temperament, to say nothing of his far more powerful Italian strain. The same transatlantic touch was not less perceptible in another writer of this period, Charles Austin, sometime fellow of St. John's, Oxford, who, in a *Saturday* article, coined for the *Daily Telegraph* the nomenclature of "Jupiter Junior." This West Indian temperament is sometimes apt to work by fits and starts, and its "copy" is not always easy to get. Sala's industry kept pace with his ability; that in its phraseology no more echoed Dickens than it did Thackeray. With both of these he was socially intimate. Thackeray proposed him for the Reform, but did not get him into the Garlick; while on Dickens's instance he was eventually balloted into the Fielding. Thackeray and Dickens were, after their different fashions, equally good newspaper men. Both got out of journalism as soon as they could exchange it for book-writing, and what Thackeray called "literateness" was the quality which each looked for in those who served under his flag. Dickens, even more than Thackeray, lived in the most exclusive and highly cultivated society, with a great literary scholar like John Forster for his special intimate and confidant, with the liter-

<sup>5</sup> John Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," p. 397 (crown edition).

any pick of the Athenæum Club for his companions, and with the accomplished and learned seventh Duke of Devonshire for his most frequent host in town or country. In his social, not less than in his literary beginnings, Sala, it has been seen, owed quite as much to his mother's connection and goodwill as to either or both of the two great literary masters under whose editorship he at some time or other wrote. In that writing he reflected the influence of Fielding and Smollett even more directly than he did that of Thackeray or Dickens. *The Seven Sons of Mammon*, the novel written by him for *Temple Bar* as its first editor, was a study in the manner of Le Sage, and, in his *Vie de Marianne* period, of Marivaux, without any of the Dickensian or Thackerayan ring. His *Twice Round the Clock*, sketches of London by gaslight and daylight, suggests the "writer up" to the chance "cuts" of a modernized Hogarth. *Captain Dangerous* owes as little to *Esmond* as to *Barnaby Rudge* itself, but, in regard to general conception, turns of thought and expression, a great deal to Defoe's *Captain Singleton* and *Colonel Jack*. "I always consider, sir, your Royal Highness and myself the two best after-dinner speakers of the time, and next to us I really think comes Mr. Sala." So said Lord Houghton to the then Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) in 1874, on the day following a brilliant show of allusive eloquence by Sala at a Willis's rooms dinner to Archibald Forbes. This effort was, I think, among those now living, personally heard, beside myself, by Sir Henry Brackenbury, Sir H. W. Lucy, and Mr. W. Senior. These, if they can recall it, will bear me out in saying that the speech now referred to, without any specific debt to either master, was marked by the terse spontaneous felicity of Dickens, and an aptness of historical illustration at least worthy of Thackeray. Sala's

mother, the already-mentioned musical artiste, who denied herself to secure her son's opportunities, had seen him grow into a youth better, as well as far more variously educated than the average boy, before he left the maternal wing. She stood so well in the opinion of people like the great Duke of Wellington and Lady Burdett-Coutts that her son had no sooner done much with his pen than many desirable houses were open to him. His colleagues in the service of the same great newspaper, the earliest of the penny dailies, numbered men association with whom took up the dropped stitches of his youthful schooling. To serve in an editorial department administered by Thornton Hunt and James Macdonell was in itself a little education. The academic distinctions of Edwin Arnold, of Herbert Stack, and of Edward Dicey, followed by their work in Peterborough Court, the then headquarters of their paper, made them ornaments of any literary and intellectual coteries with which they cared to mix; and this because they all handled, as men of letters, the journalist's pen.

The later 'sixties and the earliest 'seventies brought Sala an opening for the two best pieces of purely literary journalism he ever accomplished. In 1869 appeared the English translation of the Guiccioli volume about Byron. While this was hot from the press, Sala received two or three columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, and, writing in some not easily found retirement, filled them, while the printer's boy waited, with word-pictures of the incidents, issues, and actors in the Byronic drama, so exhaustive in themselves and so fresh in their treatment that they would have furnished forth one of those *Quarterly Review* articles whose compilers are allowed as many weeks for their labor. The second of Sala's *tours de force* belonged to 1870, the year of Dickens's death. The news of that event was

altogether unexpected; Sala was on a short summer holiday abroad. Without waiting for his summons, he hurried back to London, and arrived in time to prepare for the next morning's issue of his newspaper, not a formal biography, but, from materials given him by Dickens himself, a personal record of the great life just closed, and a forecast of the estimate likely to be formed of the novelist by future generations. Before the close of the week Sala's *Daily Telegraph* tribute to Dickens had been reprinted in paper covers as a little volume which, now, of course, out of print, would not only stand the test of the closest examination as to details of time and fact, but which, in its anticipation of the future awaiting the great writer's works, would prove justified to the letter by all that has happened during the more than two score years since his departure.

Whether in its general or its personal aspects, this retrospect will be altogether misinterpreted if it be held to imply that Sala or any other of his contemporaries incidentally mentioned by name are held up as at all superior in kind or degree to his successors now at work. The single point I am here concerned to point out is that the literary type of journalist, which was the natural product of the forces and interests then operating with newspaper readers and writers, developed in all concerned a temper and taste that have now disappeared. To judge from present signs, they are not in the least likely to return. The Victorian journalism did but follow the example of the Victorian literature. Long after the establishment of the cheap Press, the best newspaper diction bore a closer affinity to the eighteenth-century English prose classics than to the French models popularized in Fleet Street by the vogue *Courier* was beginning to have with us about 1825. Gradually, however, the journalistic style increas-

ingly reflected the literary influence of J. S. Mill, whose *Logic* (1843) did more than any other book towards setting up, on the ashes of Johnson and Gibbon, a literary standard exactly adapted to the period. Still, the culture of the educated classes remained for the most part literary, resembling in this respect the training and temper of those who reflected and gratified it in all periodical publications. To-day in that Press, as elsewhere, literary forms entirely new are still evolving themselves. Since 1904, at intervals of two years, Mr. Thomas Hardy in *The Dynasts* has clothed vigorous and original thoughts in literary garments not less entirely novel as to shape and cut than as regards texture and pattern. In Mr. Chesterton's hands fiction dazes the unsophisticated reader with unprecedented bizarreries of setting. These are calculated even more to bewilder the critical sense than the inventions of rhythm and rhyme used by the poet of *The Dynasts* for interpreting the time spirit, attuning his verse to the loyal music of twentieth-century crowds surging up and down the Strand. Features not less unfamiliar to those who look out on the world through nineteenth-century spectacles will be discerned in other modes of popular entertainment or instruction. Each successive Christmas of this Georgian era has shown the old-world pantomime, with its sequence of harlequinade to fairy opening, to be as obsolete as the three-volume novel. King Edward VII. is said to have shrugged his shoulders on making his first acquaintance with the musical comedy. His son may yet have a command performance at Windsor of some dramatic revival from a prehistoric past how defying the most expert prognostic. Prominence was given to the essentially literary character and mission of the newspaper of an earlier generation by the fact that the parent of the

penny daily press not only recorded the world's contemporary history from day to day, but, more fully than any broadsheet had yet attempted, performed the duties of a magazine as well; for in that epoch the weekly and monthly miscellanies of art, science, fiction, and every other conceivable subject, were unknown. Not only in historical or social topics, but in the whole region of generally useful knowledge, the *Daily Telegraph* became to London what the lecture-room was to the provinces. This newspaper gradually found its public was developing a taste for other things than politics or even books. It took pains in its leading columns to convey, in the least technical, lucid, and polished English, the latest discoveries of physical science, and the general trend of contemporary movements throughout the whole domain, practically ignored since Oliver Goldsmith wrote about it, of natural history. The men whose newspaper articles now brought up to date the eighteenth-century *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, handled Goldsmith's theme with a minuter and less unscientific knowledge, but with scarcely less of directness and simplicity than did Goldsmith himself; and this, not because any of them aimed at imitating Goldsmith, but because Leigh Hunt's son, Thornton Hunt, then chief of the Peterborough Court staff, had taught and shown them that the best newspaper style comes, not from mimicry, but from clear thinking, and the cultivation of accurately observant mental habits. So strong, indeed, was the spirit of literary discipleship with the newspaper company now recalled, that the individual writer, perhaps unconsciously, did his best towards conforming every piece of work to some clearly preconceived standard of excellence as regards both arrangement and composition. During the nineteenth century's first half, Paul Louis Courier, as

has been already said, was becoming a Fleet Street classic. After the 'fifties, too, the better sort of men, whose daily business lay in that thoroughfare, made it their fashion periodically to re-discover some among the old-world forgotten masters of their own tongue, notably, as I can remember, Thomas Fuller, besides, far more than they had hitherto done, steeping themselves in Matthew Arnold, Browning, and Carlyle. At the same time two of the strongest and most accomplished writers for the periodical Press boasted that they were not so much men of letters as men of sense. One of these was G. H. Lewes, the other was Huxley, the man who, taking up James Hannay's remark, "I care nothing for *homo* except as a creature of historical tradition," observed, "And I care nothing for *homo* except as a compound of gas and water, but if we were better educated than we are, we should respect each other's studies more." The books written by H. D. Traill, drawn upon for some of these remarks, show the width and accuracy of his literary scholarship, marked as it was by signs of obligation to studies like those of Lewes and Huxley. At Oxford he had taken the classical honors usual to a fellow of St. John's. But his best education came to him from his reading for "Bones and stinks," as the old physical science schools used to be called. H. L. Mansel, then the local leader of Oxford conservatism, and the chief intellectual force of Traill's own college, never gave himself up so entirely to theological or metaphysical disputations as not to take a pride in making a palaestra for clever pupils of a journalistic turn like Traill. "Some rhetorical ability," was Jowett's not too generous summary of the Tory churchman and philosopher who dominated the neighboring college of Laude. Mansel, however, in his *New Phrontisterion*, showed a pretty turn of his own for

*belles lettres* of the academic kind; by his influence and example he made proficiency in that sort of composition a college, if not a university tradition which, after its brilliant illustration by Traill and Nolan, was with undimmed brightness carried on by the successors of these, Bishop Copleston of Calcutta, and his colleague in the *Oxford Spectator*, Mr. T. Humphry Ward. There still flourishes at least one representative of Traill's exact period and literary fellowship on the Isis, his old schoolfellow, subsequently best known as an artist, Mr. Sidney P. Hall.

The point in the Victorian age now looked back upon, as a result also of other influences than those already explained, formed the high-water mark of the entire newspaper system's domination by the literary spirit. Frederick Greenwood had, in 1863, succeeded Thackeray as editor of the *Cornhill*; elsewhere than here, or even in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he uniformly contrived to suffuse his own newspaper writing, or that of which he was the cause in others, with the Thackerayan flavor. This quality was a distillation from Addison and others of the Queen Anne's men, including him apostrophized by Pope as "Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver." In 1865 came the *Pall Mall Gazette*. On this Traill's co-operation with Greenwood showed its results in work which, by scrupulously avoiding the "conventionalities" of journalese, set a wholesome example to the Press of that day generally, and which, by its success, proved the existence of an upper middle-class public whose tastes were at least not less genuinely literary than were the writers themselves.

Meanwhile the popular daily Press, and more particularly the morning broadsheet which Traill was afterwards to serve, published daily specimens of journalism stamped as clearly with the hall-mark of literature as any periodical

pieces from Leigh Hunt, Albany Fonblanque, Douglas Jerrold, or even Dickens and Thackeray themselves. James Macdonell's essays on French politics and thought, republished in book form, had first attracted notice as contributions to the *Spectator*, or more frequently to the morning newspaper on which his London work began, and with which, throughout his best years, his connection remained. When *Fun* flourished under Tom Hood as a rival to *Punch*, W. J. Prowse, in daily journalism Macdonell's colleague, created in its pages a character, as regards originality and humor, at least the equal of Thackeray's Yellowplush. This was Nicholas, the droll, bibulous, mendacious tipster, with something in him of Falstaff and more of Munchausen, who, *à propos* of his performances at the Wimbledon rifle meeting, says with a smile, over a glass of "sherry wine": "I shoot as I write—lying." It was while these queer sketches were coming out in *Fun* that the same paper published the purely Dickensian *Mrs. Brown*, of "Arthur Sketchley" (George Rose), who had been at Magdalen Hall with Delane, and who had followed Newman to Rome, taking with him Clement Scott and one or two more of that little company.

Back to my leader at night,  
Back to my novel at day,  
Back to the drama I write,  
Back to the stall at the play.

The once-familiar lines describe with literal truth the daily routine of the average newspaper man in that period. And the novels, not, indeed, intended for all time, but appearing mostly in provincial papers, and afterwards in the old three-volume form (S. W. Tinsley Bros., Catherine Street) answered their purpose, and showed throughout their dialogues and situations, to quote an epithet first set going by Thackeray,

and already quoted in these remarks, the thoroughly "literate" hand whose cunning owed much to the same process of self-teaching as that which Dickens had gone through himself, and which he urged upon all whom he took into his school. Of these newspaper men, Thackeray's or Trollope's rivals in the manufacture at short, regular intervals of the old three-decker fictions, the cleverest was Edmund Yates. In his case, Albert Smith completed the training which Dickens had begun, and turned him out a proficient in smart, neat, antithetical diction, showing throughout his twenty-odd stories the rather superficial observer, indeed, of life and character, but the student of letters as well as of the world. He may seldom rise to epigram, but there are few pages on which he fails to display the literary polish that only comes from intellectual elbow-grease. "To pay a tradesman, to whom a long bill is owing, a five-pound note is like giving a wet brush to a very old hat; it creates a temporary gleam of comfort, but no more." This is not the sort of thing that makes a book live; but in the last century's second half, whether met with in print or heard on the stage, it imparted to the public an agreeable sensation as of a clever and not too exacting appeal to their intellectual perceptions. Nor to-day will anyone dip into Yates's novels without finding himself in the presence of a clever and shrewdly observant writer, imbued with just that amount of literary spirit that suited the temper of the time. Dickens's appreciation of Edmund Yates's work went much beyond that expressed here. Especially was his praise lavished on *Broken to Harness* and *Black Sheep*. The latter of these, for special reasons, may be briefly noticed now. One of its most clearly drawn characters, George Dallas, the journalist, was intended for, and succeeded in being, so far as concerns his

newspaper relationship, a pen-and-ink portrait of G. A. Sala. The shrewd and prim editor who so cordially welcomed Dallas's copy when he could get it was Walker, a bygone conductor of the *Daily News*. The villain of the book, with a good angel in the person of his cleverer wife, Harriet Routh, like that lady herself, reappeared very soon after the publication of the novel in a drama called *Hunted Down*, played at the St. James's Theatre during Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathew's short leasehold in 1867. The exemplary and resourceful wife was represented by Miss Herbert, while the good-for-nothing husband supplied Henry Irving with the first rôle in a "character part" performed by him to a West End audience. The most fortunate of Yates's enterprises, the *World*, in its methods and aims was, more even than any of his novels, an expression of Yates's personality. Enabling him as it did to leave at his death a valuable property behind him, it connected him with two men of literary power rare even in that literary age. Of these, Mr. Henry Labouchere had recently brought to maturity a crisp and vigorous style, effective in proportion to its simplicity, akin to that exemplified by Greenwood and Traill in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The same diction had been introduced by Mr. T. G. Bowles to the *Morning Post* as well as, about the same time, to his own *Vanity Fair*. In this still flourishing weekly it founded a tradition illustrated by different hands, from that time to the present day, without a break. Mr. Labouchere's fresh, racy, and idiomatic English did not come from any previous newspaper training; it was merely the man himself, the cleverest raconteur of the time, in print. The other of those now referred to, E. C. Grenville Murray, had taught himself, entirely as a writer on the *Morning Post*, to reproduce as happily as was ever done by Thackeray, the literary

manner and general method of Addison. This happened in the days before the *Post* had become a Borthwick property. His father, that Duke of Buckingham whose palace at Stowe, and all whose magnificent fortunes, fell with so historic a crash in 1848, could do nothing more for his natural son than get him that journalistic opening, his fitness to profit by which his grace took for granted. The *Post* was then Palmerstonian. Palmerston himself took a keen interest in certain Anglo-German projects not favored by the Court or by his own Cabinet. He particularly detested our Vienna Ambassador, Bloomfield. Seeing Murray's aptitudes for such a business, Palmerston put him into the diplomatic service, and made him an attaché at the Austrian capital. Here, while writing for the *Morning Post*, he was also to furnish Palmerston with private reports, sent not directly to the great man, but to someone in his pay connected with the newspaper. In consequence of their bearing an incorrect address, some of Murray's letters came back, and were opened by the ambassador. Palmerston, who was, of course, appealed to, laughed the matter off, called Murray's irregularity "zealous youth's error," but at the same time told Murray he had overshot the mark, and that, though he might yet have diplomatic promotion, he must never again appear in our Austrian Chancery. Palmerston so far fulfilled his promise that he changed Murray to Constantinople, where England was then represented by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who, already advised of the newcomer's escapades, promptly sent him home with despatches. Reappearing in England, to his natural indignation Murray received nothing more than a temporary consulship. This appointment he either did not trouble to take up, or very shortly quitted. By this time he had written for Dickens *The Roving Englishman* in

*Household Words*, had acquired a journalistic reputation, and stood high among the stylists of his time in periodical letters. Subsequently to this, Murray obtained the Odessan consulate; it was his dismissal from this by the then head of the Foreign Office which, on his return to London, made him for the future devote his pen to lampooning the Foreign Secretary and his family, though as a fact he admitted he had less of a grievance against the head of the Foreign Office than against the man whom he described as a Foreign Office clerk, but who was in reality James Murray, an assistant under-secretary. Murray's *Young Brown*, which ran through the *Cornhill* under Greenwood's editorship, abounds in autobiographic touches, as it does in genuinely epigrammatic felicities, and contains two descriptive passages unsurpassed by any writer of his time for delicacy and power; one the gradual extinction of the ducal splendors, the other the circumstances leading up to *Young Brown's* birth.

Greville Murray, known to the last in the restaurants he frequented as "the little duke," had died in Paris some seven or eight years when the winter visitors to Biarritz in 1889 began to number the tall, distinguished presence of Francis Charles Lawley, a younger son of the first, and a great uncle of the present fourth Lord Wenlock. On the *Daily Telegraph* W. J. Prowse's graceful, polished, and often genial raillery, as already mentioned, sometimes equalled, if not bettered, that of Thackeray's earlier fugitive pieces. In the same columns, Lawley had entered the lists against Charles Greville the diarist, and did not come off second best. His first series of *Sketches of Limmers*, soon followed by *Dropped Stitches at Limmers*, and, many years later, by his *Reminiscences of Crockfords*, really beat Greville, Raikes, and, anticipatorily, the then unpublished Creevey

on their own ground. So, at a still later date in the same newspaper, did its commissioned explorer, George Smith, lighting on the contemporary uniform narrative of the Deluge, go one better than the historians, scientific or unscientific, of all ages and of all countries, from Herodotus to Rawlinson or Layard, and from them to Sayce.

All this while *The Times*, then edited by Delane, not himself primarily a man of letters, was indulging and strengthening any public literary taste by those book reviews during the long vacation from the pens of Dallas, Lucas, and Phillips. These articles, to many of its subscribers, made the newspaper more attractive during the dead season than at any other time. For writers, too, as well as readers, they had something of the usefulness belonging to Macaulay's essays. The vacation articles about books and writers contributed by Dallas, Lucas, and Phillips to *The Times* were directly instrumental in improving the English prose of the Press generally, through their enthusiasm for two English stylists, then at work, but only taken for models by periodical pens after the notice given to them in *The Times*; these were George Borrow and Thomas Love Peacock. In that last writer was a subtle quality communicating itself to the best journalistic brains of the time. It certainly inspired the two really original contributions to *belles lettres*, during the last portion of the nineteenth century, from working journalists, Lawrence Oliphant's *Piccadilly* *The Fortnightly Review*.

(1870) and Mr. W. H. Mallock's *New Republic* (1877). Before the journalist can influence his time, he must represent it. He did so during the last century's second half, after the fashion and in the instances here set forth, by mirroring in his diction and treatment the literary tastes which the influence of Dickens and Thackeray had done something to extend and deepen, but which was really rooted in the intellectual prejudices as well as the educational methods of the time. All that has now changed. Among newspaper people the good all round man, who may have had now and then a smattering of science, but who was particularly at home in politics and letters, and who could do into flowing English couplets, for appearance in his newspaper next morning, the Westminster play, prologue and epilogue, has been replaced by the specialist of a few departments, by the manufacturer of literary penmanship, and the condenser, sometimes of old-world folios, sometimes of the chief points in the universal Press of this planet, into tabloids to be taken as a whet for breakfast or as a digestive for lunch. This new work affords the performer as much real display, no doubt, of ability and resourcefulness, as tasks of a very different kind provided for his predecessors. No comparison between the merits of the two is here made or even hinted. The one concern has been to point out and illustrate the contrast between the two epochs.

T. H. S. Escott.

## LAURA AND TRUDI.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

### II.

Laura did not answer Frau Grote just then, partly because the young people came up to them and partly because she felt chilled by the lady's effusive-

ness. It would certainly have been ignoble if she had not shared with Trudi as long as they lived together. She wished her sister's happiness did not seem so much bound up with these

two people, one of whom she did not like much, while she thought the other wanting in backbone. But the intimacy would probably cool down if she explained clearly that Trudi had no money of her own. She did not like having to do this, because ostensibly the Grotes were not concerned with Trudi's financial position; but in her quality of elder sister she made up her mind, as she watched Trudi coming from the wood towards them, that she would sacrifice delicacy to safety. Trudi should be guarded from heart-break; and as Laura watched Caspar mop his face with a large handkerchief and gobble up liver-sausage with brown bread, she thought he was not a man to move a pretty girl's heart. The trouble was that when she watched Trudi she did not feel sure. Trudi's face was glowing with youth and happiness, and it was not only the summer day that beautified her. She looked like a girl who sees the heaven she desires within her reach, and the attraction she feels reflected in her lover's eyes. But had he grit enough to defy his redoubtable mother and marry a girl without a penny? Laura could not believe it of him. He was certainly paying court to Trudi this morning, but it gave Laura no pleasure to watch him. She began to dread the long history of a day that was not half over yet, and in which there was time for irremediable mischief.

However, she could do nothing to shorten it, and not much to alter the programme. When the "second breakfast" was finished, they all walked in the woods together, and Laura tried to keep her sister with her. But that did not succeed long. Caspar found an important little family of toadstools to which he called Trudi's attention, and which detained them some time. Laura, who could not pretend to be interested in toadstools, walked on with the Frau Professor.

"How true it is that we live again in our children," the lady sighed. "The first time that I saw you and your sister I said to myself, 'There, now, other things being favorable, would he be a wife for my Caspar.'"

Laura, her heart beating with anxiety, knew that a critical moment had come, and that she must try to meet it wisely.

"What exactly do you mean by 'other things being favorable'?" she asked. "I should have thought that Herr Grote——"

"Call him Caspar."

"Not yet."

"The dear good boy, so eminent in his work, so peaceable, so *solid*——"

"Yes, I am sure he is *solid*," said Laura. "He looks it."

"So easily pleased."

"Oh, well——" said Laura.

"But, my best one, the daughter of Consul Gruber adored him—if you could have heard her sing *Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust*, with her eyes glued on his face, if you could only have heard her! And she will have sixty thousand marks on her wedding-day—with more to come—for she is an only daughter, and her father did well in South America."

"Then—why——" ventured Laura.

"That is what I said to my Caspar morning, noon, and night. Why? I promised him that he would find much comfort in sixty thousand marks—with more to come—and soon get used to his wife's eyes."

"Is there anything unusual about the young lady's eyes?"

"One looks right and the other left. Moreover, one is green and the other brown; but that I consider distinguished. Also, she is not as well made as a Venus, and she has red hair. You see, I conceal nothing from you, my dear Fräulein Spiller, and I own that I desired the marriage. But then we came to

Dresden and saw your sister, and ever since Caspar has said that he insists on a wife with eyes that match. I let the boy talk—and I am not mercenary—but I am practical. Some one concerned must be practical on these occasions, and Caspar's wife must bring something with her—if it is only forty thousand marks."

"Forty thousand marks!"

"It is the least we could accept—a young man as eligible as my Caspar—he will probably be a professor before he is forty."

"Trudi has no money at all," said Laura plainly. "Didn't you know that, Frau Professor?"

"I thought it might be a matter of arrangement."

"How can you arrange what is not there? Our parents did not leave us a penny."

"But you have money."

"I have a little—enough to keep us from destitution in our old age."

"In your old age you will have a State pension."

"Added to my own income it will be enough."

"You said just now that what was yours was Trudi's."

So this was where Frau Grote was leading—to an attack on her money—the little hoard left by Onkel Gottfried to lighten the present and to save his god-child from the miseries of poverty-stricken old age.

"You can't suppose that I am going to give my money to Herr Grote?" she cried.

"To your sister—at marriage. Why not? It is what parents do every day for their children. I see no reason against it."

"I see a thousand," said Laura.

The Frau Professor showed what she could look like when she was angry and offended. Every inch of her bristled.

"I am afraid we have wasted our

time," she said. "Poor Trudi! It is she who will suffer!"

This barefaced admission that Trudi was to be thrown aside like an old glove the moment she was known to have no dowry roused Laura's indignation, although she knew both from experience and hearsay that dowerless girls could not expect to marry.

"I suppose you can depend on your son," she said. "He will take your advice?"

"Of course he will. Only yesterday I warned the dear boy not to let his heart become too deeply engaged until I had made a few inquiries."

"I suppose you had a dowry when you married?" Laura permitted herself to ask.

"But my best one! A *Mitgift* of thirty thousand marks in solid money, besides the furniture and the house linen. From the moment I was born my parents pinched and put by for me. I approached the altar with self-respect."

"In England and America it is the men who approach it with self-respect," said Laura.

"In Germany it is both parties," said the Frau Professor. "Our ideals are higher than those of other nations, and our civilization puts the rest of the world to shame. We are indeed the salt of the earth."

Laura did not try to carry on the argument. She knew that Frau Grote was one of those people who expect noisy assertion to convince, and self-praise to dazzle others. The rest of the day passed in tension and discomfort. Just before dinner the mother and son were by themselves for a short time, and when they all sat down together Caspar's manner had undergone a change. Not a subtle one either. His jokes had dried up, his spirits were blighted, his mild eyes avoided Trudi. The meal that should have been a festival was as gloomy as a funeral ban-

quiet, and the Frau Professor's health was drunk to phrases that had no warmth or life in them. All reference to the future was avoided, and long before they got up from table poor Trudi understood that her prospects had fallen to pieces like a house of cards. It was a cruel business, cruelly carried out, thought Laura. She wished she could take her sister home.

But the day's pleasure was not over yet. After dinner, according to the programme, they walked slowly through the woods to another restaurant, just far enough off to give them an appetite for their afternoon coffee. Cheerfulness had vanished, and even harmony, for Frau Grote was a child of nature, and had no idea of keeping her tongue or her temper within bounds. She made herself as unpleasant as she could, and treated the sisters as if they were intruders and simpletons. If Caspar tried to take their part, she made him repent it, and he soon left off trying. She insisted on clinging to his arm, while he carried her sunshade, and when they got to the restaurant she chose a table in a corner because the chairs were so arranged that she could place him between herself and a large tree. He could see Trudi, but he could not say anything to her that his mother did not hear. The garden was very full, and while they drank their coffee Frau Grote looked about her in search of acquaintances. For some time her curiosity was not rewarded, but all of a sudden she showed signs of excitement. She craned her neck and waved her hand, and settled her bonnet and her coat. Then she turned to Caspar.

"Those people at the next table are in my way," she said. "If they moved a little I could see beyond them. They are most inconsiderate."

"But, *Mamachen*," urged Caspar, "they cannot guess that you want to see beyond them."

"Perhaps if you took my chair you could see better," said Trudi.

"Certainly I could," snapped the Frau Professor. "I should have asked you to change long ago, but in these days elders have no rights."

Trudi got up, looking, as she had done for some hours now, quite dazed by this sudden storm on her horizon. Caspar looked as miserable as she did. Laura wished again that she could take Trudi straight away.

"It is! It is!" cried the Frau Professor, in a frenzy of pleasure and self-congratulation. "They have returned from Italy, where they have been spending the spring in all the best hotels. Look, Caspar!"

Caspar looked, and apparently remained unmoved.

"Grubers," he said laconically. But his mother pointed out the new arrivals to Laura—a prosperous-looking man, a stout handsomely dressed woman, and a red-haired girl, slightly hump-backed, and on the way to be as stout as her mother.

"Consul Gruber," she said, "and Frau Consul, and my sweet Lenchen—so altered—so improved. They came back through Paris, and no doubt her hat and her gown—but money can do anything—where there is a charming complexion and expression. Come, Caspar, we must go at once and bid them welcome back to the Fatherland. *Fräulein Spiller*, you will excuse us."

With an offensively cool nod Frau Grote got up and left the table. Willy-nilly, Caspar followed her. The sisters looked at each other.

"Odious woman," said Laura.

"But what has happened?" cried Trudi.

"Let us go home. I can talk to you better there."

Her tone struck a chill to Trudi's heart. She looked at her sister's worn face, thought of her lost youth, and

felt as frightened of the fate before her as life feels of death.

"He loves me," she murmured.

"What is the good?" said Laura. "Love doesn't count. Nothing counts but money. I found it so, and you must too, I fear."

"But they have known from the beginning that I had no money," said Trudi.

"We will think no more of them," said Laura; and as she spoke she saw Caspar coming towards their table, and Trudi's face flushed with eager hope. But he had not broken away from his mother. His first words explained that he came as her ambassador. Would the ladies excuse them? These old friends—and a double celebration—their return to Berlin—and his mother's birthday—nothing would satisfy the Frau Consul but a dinner in town—at a smart restaurant—he, Caspar, would have preferred a quiet evening—but when his mother insisted—on her birthday—"

"We quite understand, Herr Grote," said Laura, and dismissed him. Her scorn of him showed in her eyes as she watched him shuffle away.

"But he can't help it!" cried Trudi. "His mother has always tyrannized over him, and she won't give him a penny. He can't marry on seventy-five pounds a year; and that is all he makes."

"I wish we had never seen them," said Laura.

Trudi began to cry, not noisily so as to call attention to her grief, but softly and sadly. She knew that unless a miracle happened darkness had closed in on her.

### III.

The worst of it was that Laura understood exactly. She, too, had breasted this sea of trouble and had felt the waves close over her. She had known what it was to be happy

one hour and miserable the next, to accept defeat without striking a blow, and to behave like a wooden image, though she suffered as Trudi was suffering now, cruelly and innocently.

So the joy of life was extinguished in the little home, for the eldest sister could not be happy while the younger one watched and waited, her whole system tense with hope and longing that were not fulfilled, her health slowly undermined by disappointment. Trudi tried to call pride to the rescue; but pride is armor, and she was wounded. She threw it from her when she felt the hurt unbearable. Why should they break off all relations with the Grotes in this abrupt offhanded way? she asked. Why should a single disagreeable episode weigh against the long course of friendship preceding it?

"Do you mean that you want to go and see them?" said Laura.

"I think we might."

"It is Frau Grote's business to come here—and excuse herself if she can."

"Perhaps she is ill."

"She is not ill. I saw her yesterday at Wertheimer's."

"You saw her, Laura—and you never told me."

"There is nothing to tell. We were both buying theatre tickets, and suddenly saw each other. She said 'Good-day, Fräulein Spiller' in such a disagreeable way that I just bowed and did not speak at all. That fat red-haired girl was with her."

"Caspar always said his mother was good at the core," said Trudi.

"Through such a rind the core is not worth reaching," said Laura.

She had taken tickets for a cheap afternoon performance of "*Fleischmann als Erzieher*," a play about school life that had a professional interest for them. But, unfortunately, the Grotes and the red-haired girl sat in the same circle, well within their view, and Trudi was more

interested in them than in the stage. After the second act they went out with the rest of the audience to have refreshments in the garden, but they could not find seats or get a waiter to serve them. In the end Laura fetched two cups of coffee from the buffet herself, and brought them to the corner where her sister stood.

"I have seen them," Trudi whispered excitedly. "In the theatre it is dark—but out here—and she is not pretty—and he is not happy—and she giggles—he hates girls who giggle—stupid little geese he calls them."

"But when stupid little geese have money men marry them," said Laura.

"If only I could know," moaned Trudi. "I shall die if I don't know."

But as time went on Laura began to fear that her little sister would die because she did know; for Trudi one day took her fate in her hands and went to see the Grotes. She came back with her fate sealed. In the son's presence the mother had alluded to his approaching marriage, and he had not contradicted her. There was no possibility of error, no loophole for one of those romantic misunderstandings that in the world of romance part lovers for a short adventurous period. Caspar had been there, flatly and silently there, and he had avoided Trudi's eyes.

The girl had not Laura's strength, it seemed, any more than she had Laura's energy and discrimination. She was one of those tender clinging women who fulfil the ordinary masculine ideal and who flourish when they wed the mate who suits them. She would have found happiness in service if she could have served husband and children, but she found neither help nor happiness in her school work. To cut short a story that Laura felt as long as pain, poor Trudi pined. Her sorrow slowly killed her.

"I must take her away," said Laura, when the summer holidays came.

"Yes, yes," said the doctor she consulted. "Try change of air and scene."

So Laura took Trudi to Rügen and spent more than she could afford, and brought her sister back worse than she went. They had some bad weather; Trudi caught a cold that left a cough. You could explain all her symptoms by combining her bodily "tendencies," a thin gown, and a thunder-storm. The doctor did so to his own satisfaction, but not to Laura's. She knew why Trudi was as thin as a herring, and why she sobbed in her sleep.

"But it happened to me, and I got over it," she said wistfully one day.

"But, Laura—you had only known him a week," said Trudi; and after a little pause she went on—"I wonder if Caspar is married yet."

Laura had often wondered too. They had not even received the printed announcement of his engagement that Germans send to their friends, and she thought that the Frau Professor would have seen that one was sent to them. A week or two later, when Caspar Grote overtook her in the Thiergarten and seemed to wish to speak to her, she bluntly asked him if he was married.

"I am not even engaged," he said.

"Were you refused, then?" said Laura. Her manners were what Germans call *derb* sometimes: what we call brusque.

"If you do not ask you cannot be refused. A son has duties to his mother, but——"

"I have looked on at life a good deal," said Laura, "and I observe that when we wish to behave badly we can always put it down to duty."

"But, *gnädiges Fräulein*, a mother."

"A mother is not everyone."

"My mother is very determined."

"I cannot discuss your mother with you, Herr Grote. I cannot forgive either of you, and after to-day we will meet as strangers."

"But, *gnädiges Fräulein*, I did what I could. That afternoon, when Trudi had left us, I opened my heart to my mother for the first time. I said to her 'Mutti . . .'—I always call her *Mutti* when I am deeply moved—I said 'Mutti, either I marry Trudi Spiller or I die unwed.' I behaved like a man, I assure you."

Laura took a long look at the boyish face now making its appeal to her; for Caspar, with his learning and his pedantry, was a boy in years and in experience.

"So you really are fond of Trudi," she said.

"If you knew how I have suffered—" he began, but Laura interrupted him indignantly.

"You—you!" she cried; and then the thought of Trudi and the picture of her rose in such force that she stopped speaking.

"How is Trudi?" said Caspar.

"She is dying," said Laura.

"Yes!" she went on, for the young man turned white with the shock of what he heard, but did not open his mouth. "Yes! They used to call it a broken heart. Now they use various fine names all beginning with *neur*; but I don't think they make it easier to bear—or to see."

Still the young man did not speak, but Laura saw that his mild blue eyes were full of tears.

"Couldn't you have left her alone—you and your mother?" she asked passionately. "She hadn't all she wanted, but she had some things. Now she wants the moon, and I can't get it for her."

"But, *gnädiges Fräulein*," said Caspar, finding his tongue, "my mother assures me that you could get it for her quite easily—that is to say, if I am the moon."

Laura looked at him, first with inquiry and then with a flash of understanding. She had become so used to

the idea of his marriage to Lenchen Gruber and her three thousand pounds that she had hardly considered the sacrifice of her own poor two thousand, once asked and once refused. Just as she was going to ask Caspar to explain himself, they were interrupted by the Frau Professor, who bore down on them from a side-walk looking as large and formidable as ever. The sudden sight of her stirred Laura in a way she could not have foreseen, and made her act in a way she did not approve when she looked back at the agitating moment. Anger mastered her; she stiffened as she spoke to Caspar, and her voice was as haughty as her glance, met now by both mother and son.

"If your mother has proposals to make she must come and see me," she said. "I would do a great deal for Trudi."

Then she walked away without waiting to speak to Frau Grote; and she resisted the temptation she felt to tell Trudi that she had met Caspar and spoken to him. But she contrived to let her sister hear, through other people, that he was not betrothed to Lenchen Gruber. For a little while the news acted like a miracle, but not for long. Frau Grote did not arrive; Laura began to think she was implacable; and Trudi was affected by her sister's disappointment, although it was unspoken. For Laura had come to wish for the marriage at any price; but she still felt that, after what had happened, the advances must come from the other side. She had done all a self-respecting woman could do when she had told Caspar to send his mother to see her.

When Christmas came no hope and pleasure came with it to the sisters. They trimmed themselves a little tree and they bought each other presents; but though their circumstances were easier than last year their hearts were as heavy as lead. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve, before the tree was

lighted, Laura was sitting by herself in great depression of mind. She had persuaded Trudi to lie down so as to be strong enough for the evening with its small ripple of excitement and extra exertion, for everything tired Trudi now and left her weaker than before. The room was half-dark already, but Laura did not light the lamp. The scent of the tree and of the little wax candles and painted toys on it belonged to Christmas as she had known it all her life, and her thoughts went back to past ones. Trudi had always been with her since that year when, as a little girl of ten, she had been allowed to hold up her baby sister to see her first lighted tree. She could not face life without Trudi. It would be empty and forlorn.

There was a ring at the bell, and Laura went to the door—for the sisters kept no servant. A charwoman did all they needed done for them in the morning hours. A large breathless figure panted on the threshold, but found means to make her voice conciliatory as she asked to come in. Laura led Frau Grote to the room in which she had been sitting, and said nothing till the door was closed. She did not want Trudi to be roused.

"You are surprised to see me," said Frau Grote.

Laura offered her visitor a chair, sat down herself, and waited for a further opening.

"I am a most unhappy woman," Frau Grote went on. "Have you seen my son lately?"

"I saw him yesterday in the Potsdamer Strasse."

"He says you never speak when you meet now."

"I have nothing to say to your son."

"But have you observed how pale and thin he looks?"

"No, Frau Professor. You cannot expect me to care what color Herr Grote is or how much he weighs."

"He is my only child—all I have in the world."

"Trudi is my only sister—and I was just thinking——"

"So was I—as I trimmed our tree—next Christmas—we should never forgive ourselves, Fräulein Spiller."

"I should never forgive you," said Laura.

"But, my dear child—I still maintain that the young couple cannot live on what Caspar earns. I can spare a little, but not much."

"I would spare all I have to keep Trudi alive."

"But at Whitsuntide you refused——"

"At Whitsuntide Trudi was quite well. I did not know she was going to be silly."

"They are both silly, but they are all we have," said Frau Grote. "Can we not see Trudi?"

"You can see her if you wish," said Laura, and she lighted a lamp. As it burned up she perceived that the Frau Professor was fidgeting with her reticule and looked decidedly embarrassed.

"Caspar is waiting downstairs," she said. "He refused to let me come alone. He said he could bear the suspense no longer. He gave me ten minutes to arrange everything with you, Fräulein Spiller, and then he is coming to join us."

"Very well," said Laura.

"You consent—I knew you would—to make our dear ones happy."

"I have not the least desire to make Caspar happy or to impoverish myself for his sake," said Laura. "Unfortunately, I cannot pull Trudi out of the grave without smoothing the way for him."

"The very words I used this morning in speaking of our dear Trudi," said the Frau Professor.

"Then we had better shake hands and consider the matter settled," said Laura. But the Frau Professor evidently had something more to say.

However, before she spoke again the bell rang, and Laura had to open the door to Caspar. As she ushered him in she saw that Trudi had been roused and had entered the room by another door.

"A Happy Christmas," said the young man, going straight up to her and keeping her hands in his.

"Look at them," whispered Frau Grote to Laura; "I am not at all sentimental, Fräulein Spiller. I know

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

that life without money is hard, and I wanted it for my son. But he says that his fees are increasing, and I will do what I can. If you will give your sister twenty thousand marks and her outfit I will furnish their flat."

"It's a deal," said Laura, and went up to her sister and kissed her; for though the prose of life was on her lips as she bargained with Frau Grote, all the joy and poetry of it was in her heart as she watched Trudi's face.

### CARDINAL NEWMAN.\*

"To the rising generation," wrote Newman in 1857 to Father Ambrose St. John, in one of those desponding moods to which his over-sensitive nature was prone, "to the sons of those who know me, or read what I wrote fifteen or twenty years ago, I am a mere page in history. I do not live to them . . . they have heard my name, but have no associations with it." Whether or not this was true at the time it was spoken, it is certainly largely true now. In the Roman Catholic communion in England, indeed, the name of the "great Cardinal" is cherished and revered, as it deserves to be; for to Newman, more than to any other man, it owes its development from an obscure and despised sect into a Church which has a great place in the religious and political life of the country. In the Anglican Church his memory lingers on in melancholy tradition as the first leader of the Tractarian movement. But in the world at large, though his name may still be known to all educated people, how many of them still have any "associations with it"? Oblivion, more or less complete, is, after all, the fate of all but the very greatest men. It is the lot of very few to experience during

their lifetime those alternations of fame and obscurity, of undue depreciation and exaggerated reverence, which help to give to the biography of Newman so dramatic a quality. The drama, indeed, was for the most part played upon no very wide stage, and its development was from first to last determined by the limitations thus imposed. The Oxford in which Newman's reputation was made was a High Anglican preserve, narrow beyond the conception of the modern mind; the Anglican communion within which his reputation spread was an island within an island. German intellectual enterprise was as great a bugbear to these excellent dons and divines as German commercial enterprise is to our own generation; and if Newman's influence was great at Oxford and beyond, it was, apart from his personal charm, mainly because he was the leader in the movement to set up a system of protection against undesirable foreign ideas. His fame, that is to say, though great, was local; to the last Protestant Germany, as is natural, has never been able to understand the great reputation which Newman enjoyed among Englishmen outside the Roman Church.

It is not surprising, in the retrospect, that a reputation thus acquired should,

\* "The Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman." Based on his *Private Journals and Correspondence*. By Wilfrid Ward. Two Vols. (Longmans, 38s net.)

when Newman joined the Roman Catholic Church, have suffered a temporary eclipse. To resume our original metaphor, he had thought to play a part on a wider stage, that of the Catholic, the world-wide Church; he found that, in effect, the stage was narrower, and the stage-manager—if the style may be used without offence—a disciplinarian who frowned upon any originality of interpretation. In plain English, the Roman Catholic community in England in 1845 was still, in spite of Catholic Emancipation, very much as Monsignor Bernard Ward describes it in his admirable "Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England"—a small body of mainly hereditary "Papists," clinging obstinately to the traditions for which they and their fathers had suffered, but now cleansed, under Cardinal Wiseman's discipline, of those "Febronian" tendencies which had been apparent in the eighteenth century, and therefore all the more inclined to be suspicious of converts who, like Newman, bringing new ideas from outside, showed a disposition to attempt to set their ancient house in order. Then, too, the Church in England was a "missionary" body under what Newman himself complained of as the "military" rule of Propaganda; and Propaganda, in the years when the forces of Ultramontanism were closing their ranks against Liberalism and Revolution, was only too willing to listen to those who, misunderstanding or disapproving of Newman's views, represented him as a dangerous influence to be discouraged. He was, indeed, commissioned by the Holy See to organize and preside over the new Roman Catholic University projected for Ireland; but the scheme broke down, largely owing to the opposition of the Irish Bishops to his too liberal ideas, and he resigned. Next, he was asked by the English Bishops to edit a translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular, but the whole

scheme was abandoned "owing apparently to the apathy of Cardinal Wiseman."

Then he tried to guide the thought of the intellectual Catholics who, under the editorship of the late Lord Acton, were conducting the *Rambler* review, but met again with powerful opposition. He became its editor, but was asked to resign after his first number, and delayed to Rome for heresy after his second. This was in 1859; and 1860 saw the development of that zealous but intolerant movement of Catholics in defence of the Holy See which the invasion of the Papal States brought about, when all balanced thought, especially in relation to the Temporal Power of the Pope, was liable to be accused of dangerous Liberalism . . . and Newman found himself suspected and "under a cloud." He submitted in silence and resignation. His spiritual life indeed found now, as ever, its "perfect peace and contentment" in the Catholic religion. But otherwise it was a time of darkness and gloom; and there came to him some of the special bitterness that falls to the lot of a discrowned King or a forsaken prophet. . . . Had he died directly after his sixty-third birthday—at an age which would have fallen not very far short of the allotted days of man on earth—his career would have lived in history as ending in the saddest of failures. His unparalleled eminence in 1837 would have been contrasted by historians with his utter insignificance in 1863. His biography would have been a tragedy.

Then, in 1864, came Charles Kingsley's reckless and ungenerous attack upon him, rousing him from his retirement. A brilliant master of intellectual fence, he had no difficulty in worsting the blundering champion of "muscular Christianity" to whom he was opposed; and all England applauded his victory. He determined to follow it up, and to seize the opportunity for a vindication of his whole career before the English public

from the accusation of insincerity, and for a defence of the Roman Catholic cause on the lines which he thought necessary for the times. The result was that "Apologia pro Vita sua," which, whatever we may think of the mental processes it reveals, at least proved the sincerity of its author, and will live in literature, not only because of its English style, but as one of the few remarkable autobiographical self-revelations in existence.

Thenceforth [says Mr. Ward] John Henry Newman was a great figure in the eyes of his countrymen. English Catholics were grateful to him and proud of having for their champion one of whom the country itself had become suddenly proud as a great writer and a spiritual genius. He had a large following within the Catholic Church, who hung on his words as his Oxford disciples had done thirty years earlier. Opposition in influential quarters continued. But his supporters among the Bishops stood their ground, and the battle was on far more equal terms than before.

The battle, for the present, raged round the question, which had always preoccupied him, of how to meet "the intellectual needs of earnest and thoughtful minds" whose faith would be tried by "the flood of infidelity" which he saw rising everywhere about him. To this subject we will return. Here it will suffice to say that, while the dominant opinion in the Church, represented by the commanding authority of Manning and the brilliant advocacy of W. G. Ward, was in favor of maintaining the traditional segregation of Roman Catholic youth, so as to preserve it from all possible moral and intellectual contamination, Newman believed in bringing it boldly into contact with the world, which one day it would inevitably have to face, and in arming it from the first with the intellectual weapons necessary to meet Protestants and "infidels" on equal

terms. His ideal was "that union of dogmatic teaching and liberal education" which he had known at Oxford and had failed to establish in Ireland. Now that the idea of a Catholic University had broken down, his thoughts turned to Oxford itself, which the abolition of the tests had opened to Roman Catholics. But his project of establishing at Oxford an Oratory, of which he himself should take the direction, which in 1864 and 1866 seemed about to be realized, broke down owing to the strenuous opposition of Manning and W. G. Ward. "This," says Mr. Ward, "was his last hope of active work as a Catholic." He turned once more to writing, and in 1870 published his "Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent," his main contribution to the philosophy of religion. Meanwhile, however, another and even more burning question had arisen, which widened the breach between himself and the dominant party in the Church—that of the definition of Papal Infallibility. Much misconception has arisen as to Newman's attitude in this matter, and this is not surprising in view of the involved processes of his ratiocination about this as about other problems. It is clear that he himself believed, and as a Roman Catholic always had believed, in the Pope's infallibility, though he objected strongly to the extreme views proclaimed about it by the Ultramontane school represented in England by W. G. Ward, the editor of the *Dublin Review*, and in France by L. Veuillot, the editor of the *Univers*, views which, if not specifically excluded, were at any rate not formulated in the definition as ultimately accepted by the Vatican Council. What Newman urged was not, like Döllinger, the untenableness of the doctrine in the light of history, but the inexpediency of making it at that particular juncture a dogma *de fide*, and that, moreover, without any of that pro-

longed preliminary discussion which had always been usual in such cases. As in 1864, after the issue of the famous "Syllabus" and the Encyclical *Quanta Cura*, he had written, "the advisers of the Holy Father seem determined to make our position in England as difficult as they can," so now he believed that the definition of the dogma would needlessly try the faith of Catholics, at a time when they had already difficulties enough to contend with, and would act as a serious barrier against conversions from Anglicanism. His attitude, so singular to the outside intelligence, is expressed in a letter of June 27, 1870, to Mr. O'Neill Daunt:—"I certainly think," he writes, "that this agitation of the Pope's Infallibility most unfortunate and ill-advised, and I shall think so even if the Council decrees it, unless I am obliged to believe that the Holy Ghost protects the Fathers from all inexpedient acts (which I do not see is anywhere promised), as well as guides them into all truth, as He certainly does. There are truths which are inexpedient." Whatever we may think of this curious and characteristic view, it is clear that to the dogma as ultimately defined Newman would have no difficulty in subscribing—and he did in fact so subscribe, without any of the hesitation shown by some of those who had been associated with him in his campaign against it. It is again characteristic of the texture of his mind that he thought it necessary to deny that he had held the definition of the dogma to be "inopportune"; what he had said was that it was "inexpedient."

In all this there had been no question of Newman's orthodoxy or of his essential devotion to the Holy See. Indeed, Pope Pius IX. had invited him to the Council as an "advising theologian," an invitation he declined, partly through a natural diffidence, partly because he did not claim to be a scientific theolo-

gian at all. His attitude, however, before and during the Council inevitably placed him again "under a cloud." His opportunity to emerge once more came in 1874, when Gladstone used the leisure given him by his temporary retirement from the leadership of the Liberal Party to begin a series of attacks on the definitions of the Council, culminating in the "political expostulation" entitled "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance." Newman used the occasion, in his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" at once to vindicate the dogma of Papal Infallibility in the eyes of the world and his own attitude towards it in the eyes of Roman Catholics. Henceforth there could be no doubt about his complete loyalty to the Holy See; and though, so long as Pius IX. lived, it was not to be expected that this would be fully recognized, the recognition was not long deferred. In 1877 Pius died; two years later, on the earnest petition of English Catholics, voiced by the Duke of Norfolk, Leo XIII. conferred on Newman the supreme honor of the Cardinal's hat. In petitioning for this favor the Duke wrote as follows:—

It appeared to me that the same causes which kept from him the full and public approbation of the Holy See were impeding his usefulness to his fellow countrymen. They in their turn persuaded themselves that the arguments and example of Newman could be admired by them as showing what a grand and beautiful and divinely authoritative institution the Catholic Church might be, but that they were not called upon to obey that authority, because the opinion held of Newman by many Catholics showed that the Catholic Church was not really what Newman said it was. It appeared to me therefore that in the cause both of justice and truth it was of the utmost importance that the Church should put her seal on Newman's work.

No wonder that the old man, preparing for death in his quiet Oratory, was

roused from his despondent resignation as by the shining upon him of a ray of light from heaven. The pomp and dignity of the Cardinalate were wholly abhorrent to his retiring nature; he accepted it only on condition that he should be allowed to continue to reside at Birmingham. But that which the Cardinal's hat symbolized for him was a gift infinitely precious, the possession of which removed for ever the sense of failure that had so long weighed upon him. For in bestowing it the Pope had set the seal of the Church on his work. If the seal has since been tampered with, Newman did not live to see it.

It is more than twenty years since the great Cardinal died, an old, old man, full of years and honors. Many things have happened since then in the world, and in the Church herself, to obscure his fame and obliterate his memory; and now, with the publication of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "*Life*," his name is likely to become once more familiar, perhaps once more famous as the centre of renewed controversy. As to the "*Life*" itself, it is likely to take its place at once among the great biographies, not so much because of its literary qualities—though these are good—as because of its obvious truthfulness. "Only a comparatively small section of a vast correspondence," Mr. Ward writes in his introductory chapter, "can of course here be published. But the views he expressed on the critical questions of the day are given with perfect frankness." In taking this line Mr. Ward has acted not only in the interests of the book itself, but also in the best interests of the Roman Church. His fellow-countrymen at least, of whatever creed or opinion, will not misinterpret a frankness which redounds to the credit of the author and of the great Church to which he belongs. For from first to last there can be no doubt whatever of the author's devotion to

the Roman ideal and to the Holy See; and if his object has been, while adopting the frankness of Newman's own "*Apologia*," to vindicate the Cardinal's complete loyalty to the Roman Church, his object has certainly been completely attained. For Roman Catholics this will probably be the most valuable feature of the book. For the world outside, for which the question of the exact attitude of Newman to this or that development of modern Romanism is of minor importance, the "*Life*" will have a two-fold interest. In the first place, it throws a flood of light on the Roman Catholic system in its actual working, and thus explains much that to non-Catholics has been puzzling and irritating because to them inexplicable. Whether the revelation is likely to attract or to repel will depend on the temperament of the reader. In the second place, it is the study of the reaction of that system upon a character singularly sensitive and upon an intellect very subtle and, though limited, singularly acute. With the mind of Newman as revealed in the "*Apologia*" the world is already familiar, and Mr. Ward has done wisely in limiting his account of his life in the English Church to a single chapter and in omitting the Anglican correspondence already published by Miss Mozley. The book is thus in some sort a continuation of the "*Apologia*." It is not proposed here to give any abstract of Mr. Ward's book, the general argument of which is admirably outlined in its introductory chapter, from which extracts have already been quoted above, but to attempt some estimate of Newman and his work, in the light of the new evidence now available.

Probably no conspicuous leader of thought has ever been exposed to such extremes of judgment as Newman. On the one hand he has been extolled as an intellectual genius of the first rank; on the other hand it has been said of

him that he had "the brains of a rabbit." On the one hand stress is laid on the vast influence he exercised upon the Church of England through the Tractarian movement of which he was the leader; on the other hand German critics point out, with justice, that his school has never produced a single man of first-rate importance in the intellectual life of England. Even the "unchallenged supremacy" which in his day he is said to have exercised over the narrow society of Oxford University may be questioned in view of the fact that this supremacy was, in fact, challenged by a minority, and that one which represented the true intellectual ancestry of the ideas now dominant both in the University and in the world.

The greatness of Newman, in fact, would seem to lie less in his intellectual eminence, which is at least widely disputed, than in his spiritual qualities and the singleness of purpose and high courage which prompted him, like another Athanasius *contra mundum*, "to champion revealed truth against that 'Liberalism' which he foresaw was about to submerge the world like a flood." His equipment for this task was an unshakable faith, deep piety, great personal charm, wide patristic learning, mastery of dialectic, a keen but limited intellect, and much sympathetic imagination. But he never understood the antagonist he had challenged. The whole logical structure of his own philosophy of religion was raised upon a supernatural foundation—belief in a personal, actively interfering Deity, and in a determinate Divine revelation; and he utterly failed to realize the true difficulty which lay in the way of the acceptance of these premises by certain minds. His sharp logical faculty, indeed, enabled him to give due weight to the merely "sceptical" attitude, and even to state its objections in terms so clear as to alarm

the orthodox; but for the fundamental principles underlying the modern scientific attitude he had neither sympathy nor understanding. This is not the place to analyze his philosophy as concentrated in the "Grammar of Assent." It is sufficient to say that Newman himself confessed that it is not calculated to convince any one who is not already prepared to be convinced:—

A momentous principle or doctrine that enters into my own reasoning, and which another ignores—namely, the providence and intention of God; and of course there are other principles, explicit or implicit, which are in like circumstances. It is not wonderful, then, that while I can prove Christianity divine to my own satisfaction, I shall not be able to force it upon any one else.

But if any one starts from any other principles but ours, I have not the power to change his principles or the conclusion which he draws from them, any more than I can make a crooked man straight. Whether his mind will ever grow straight, whether I can do anything towards its becoming straight, whether he is not responsible to his Maker for being mentally crooked, is another matter.

In short, those who do not accept the principles on which he bases his philosophy are "infidels." He has no understanding of the essentially religious character of the claim of the modern scientific spirit that no artificial barriers shall be erected across the path of human knowledge, and that no mortal shall dare to say to another, "Thus far shalt thou go in inquiry and no further." How should he have had such understanding? He had, Mr. Ward tells us in connection with his refusal to join the Metaphysical Society, all his life associated almost exclusively with "religious" people, mostly indeed with the simple-minded brethren of his own Oratory. As for "infidels," except for two or three of his old Oxford friends—including William Froude—

with whom he continued occasionally to correspond, he shunned them like the pest. "It is something of a wonder to me," he writes of that saintly woman Caroline Fox, "that a mind so religious as Miss Fox's should feel pleasure in meeting men who either disbelieved the Divine mission or had no love for the person of One she calls *her* God and *her* Saviour." And among those whom he thought it his duty to avoid was his own brother, Professor Francis Newman, whose mental development had taken the opposite course to his own. In Mr. Ward's "Life" there is only one mention of this brother, and it is a sneer:—"My brother is coming to see me at Maryvale; I saw him yesterday," wrote Newman to his friend St. John shortly after his secession, "Why should he come? I think he has some obscure idea about thumb-screws." This attitude may serve as some extenuation of the want of fraternal feeling shown in the Professor's last publication, entitled "Contributions Chiefly to the Early History of Cardinal Newman."

This, then, being Newman's attitude towards modern "Liberalism," it becomes important to inquire, especially in view of "present discontents" in the Roman Church, how far he was prepared to meet it half-way in pursuance of his ideal of effecting a reconciliation between Catholicism and the scientific spirit of the age. He defined his position in 1855 in his two lectures on "Christianity and Physical Science" and "Christianity and Scientific Investigation." While he admitted that contrariety might exist between the views of certain representatives of theology and of science, he maintained that the true theologian who realizes the limits of his science, and the man of science who does not confound speculation with genuine scientific investigation and proof, are in no danger of collision. This to him was obvious, since the

"naturalistic" sciences are on an entirely different plane from that of theology; the empirical method applicable to the former is wholly inapplicable to the latter. "When the visible world is, in exceptional cases, touched by statements of the sacred writers, these statements, if at first sight they seem to be opposed to the facts ascertained by science, are eventually interpreted by theologians so as to accord with these facts"; and he boldly instances the case of the Copernican system. Newman, then, urged the candid recognition by the Church of modern scientific hypotheses in all their degrees of probability and the fearless use of the inductive method in physical science and history alike. He believed, moreover, that the time had come for a restatement of Catholic truth to suit the mental attitude of modern times, the recognition of the necessary "novelty of aspect" this attitude involved. "Patristic and scholastic theology," he wrote, "each involved a creative act of the intellect. . . . There is no greater mistake surely than to suppose that revealed truth precludes originality in the treatment of it." But before Catholic orthodoxy could by any such process be commended to the modern world it was necessary that the whole temper of the actual *Ecclesia docens* should be changed. Above all it was, in Newman's opinion, necessary that the attitude of the ecclesiastical authorities towards the laity should be modified. Of his plans for securing for Roman Catholic laymen a liberal education something has already been said above. From the first they met with strenuous opposition from the ecclesiastical pastors, who dreaded the introduction of a rebellious spirit among their sheep.

A great prelate (Dr. Ullathorne) [wrote Newman to his friend, Miss Bowles, May 1, 1865] said to me years ago, when I said that the laity needed

instruction, guidance, tenderness, consideration, &c., &c., "You do not know them, Dr. Newman; our laity are a peaceable body—they are peaceable." I understood him to mean, "They are grossly ignorant and unintellectual, and we need not consult, or consult for them at all." . . . And at Rome they treat them according to the tradition of the Middle Ages. . . . Well, facts alone will slowly make them realize the fact of what a laity must be in the nineteenth century if it is to cope with Protestantism.

The laity, he writes elsewhere in connection with the Irish University, "were treated like good little boys; were told to shut their eyes and open their mouths and take what we gave them—and this they did not relish" . . . "the Irish Bishops," he adds, "regard any intellectual man as on the road to perdition." In his own view the laity should not only be educated, so as to enable them to hold their own in the modern intellectual world, but should be frankly recognized as a factor in the development of the thought of the Church itself. In the *Rambler* he pointed out how in the past the laity had sometimes been the main instruments in the preservation of even dogmatic truths, and in one of his lectures he says:—

Theologians inculcate the matter and determine the details of revelation; they view it from within; philosophers view it from without, and this external view may be called the philosophy  
The Times.

of religion, and the office of delineating it externally is most gracefully performed by laymen.

These extracts may serve to indicate, however imperfectly, what was characteristic in that "work" of Newman on which, by his elevation to the Cardinalate, the Church was supposed to have "set her seal." With developments within the Roman Church since Newman's death his biographer is naturally not concerned. Yet it is precisely these developments that to the world at large will give to this biography its greatest interest. To many it has seemed that the seal set on Newman's work by Leo XIII. has been roughly broken by the famous Encyclical *Pascendi*, directed in 1907 "against the Modernists"—not that Newman was a "Modernist"—by Pope Pius X. Of the Vatican canons on the inspiration of Scripture Newman wrote:—"If their primary and surface meaning is to be evaded, it must be by a set of explanations heretofore not necessary. Indeed, the whole Church platform seems to me to be likely to be off its ancient moorings, it is like a ship which has swung round or taken up a new position." The Encyclical *Pascendi* emphasizes this change of position, if, indeed, it be a change, and, so far as may be judged by "its primary and surface meaning," raises once more the whole question of Newman's position and work in the Roman Church.

## THRESHING.

When the drone of the thresher breaks through the autumn sighing of trees and wind, or through that stillness of the first frost, I get restless and more restless, till, throwing down my pen, I have gone out to see. For there is nothing like the sight of threshing for making one feel good—not in the

sense of comfort, but at heart. There, under the pines and the already leafless elms and beech trees, close to the great stacks, is the big, busy creature, with its small black puffing engine astern; and there, all round it, is that conglomeration of unsentimental labor which invests all the crises of farm

work with such fascination. The crew of the farm is only five, all told, but here they are fifteen, and none strangers, save the owners of the travelling thresher.

They are working without respite and with little speech, not at all as if they had been brought together for the benefit of someone else's corn, but as though they, one and all, had a private grudge against Time and a personal pleasure in finishing this job, which, while it lasts, is bringing them extra pay and most excellent free feeding. Just as after a dilatory voyage a crew will brace themselves for the run in, recording with sudden energy their consciousness of triumph over the elements, so on a farm the harvests of hay and corn, sheep-shearing, and threshing will bring out in all a common sentiment, a kind of sporting energy, a defiant spurt, as it were, to score off Nature; for it is only a philosopher here and there among them, I think, who sees that Nature is eager to be scored off in this fashion, being anxious that someone should eat her kindly fruits.

With ceremonial as grave as that which is at work within the thresher itself, the tasks have been divided. At the root of all things, pitchforking from the stack, stands the farmer, mustached, and always upright—was he not in the Yeomanry?—dignified in a hard black hat, no waistcoat, and his working coat so ragged that it would never cling to him but for pure affection. Between him and the body of the machine are five more pitchforks, directing the pale flood of raw material. There, amongst them, is poor Herd, still so sad from his summer loss, plodding doggedly away. To watch him even now makes one feel how terrible is that dumb grief which has never learned to moan. And there is George Yeoford, almost too sober; and Murdon plying his pitchfork with a supernat-

ural regularity that cannot quite dim his queer brigand's face of dark, soft gloom shot with sudden humors, his soft, dark corduroys and battered hat. Occasionally he stops, and taking off that hat, wipes his corrugated brow under black hair, and seems to brood over his own regularity.

Down here, too, where I stand, each separate function of the thresher has its appointed slave. Here Cedric rakes the chaff pouring from the side down into the chaff-shed. Carting the straw that streams from the thresher bows, are Michelmores and Neck—the little man who cannot read, but can milk, and whistle the hearts out of his cows till they follow him like dogs. At the thresher's stern is Morris, the driver, selected because of that utter reliability which radiates from his broad, handsome face. His part is to attend the sacking of the three kinds of grain for ever sieving out. He murmurs: "Busy work, sir!" and opens a little door to show me how "the machinery does it all," holding a sack between his knees, and some string in his white teeth. Then away goes the sack—four bushels, 160 pounds of "genuines, seconds, or seed"—wheeled by Cedric on a little trolly thing, to where George-the-Gaul or Jim-the-Early-Saxon is waiting to bear it on his back up the stone steps into the corn chamber.

It has been raining in the night; the ground is a churn of straw and mud, and the trees still drip; but now there is sunlight, a sweet air, and clear sky, wine-colored, through the red, naked, beech twigs tipped with white untimely buds. Nothing can be more lovely than this late autumn day, so still, save for the droning of the thresher, and the constant tinny chuckle of the gray, thin-headed Guinea-fowl, driven by this business away from their usual haunts.

And soon the feeling that I knew would come begins creeping over me,

the sense of an extraordinary sanity in this never-ceasing harmonious labor pursued in the autumn air faintly perfumed with wood-smoke, with the scent of chaff, and whiffs from that black, puffing Billy; the sense that there is nothing between this clean toil—not too hard but hard enough—and the clean consumption of its clean results; the sense that nobody except my spooled self is in the least conscious of how sane it all is. The brains of these sane ones are all too busy with the real affairs of life, the disposition of their wages, anticipation of dinner, some girl, some junketing, some wager, the last rifle match, and, more than all, with that pleasant rhythmic nothingness, companion of the busy swing and play of muscles, which of all states is secretly most akin to the deep unconsciousness of life itself. Thus to work in the free air for the good of all and the hurt of none, without worry or the breath of acrimony—surely no phase of human life so nears the life of the truly civilized community—the life of garden bees. Not one of these working so sanely—unless it be Morris, who will spend his Sunday afternoon on some high rock just watching sunlight and shadow drifting on the moors—not one, I think, is distraught by perception of his own sanity, by knowledge of how near he is to Harmony, not even by appreciation of the still radiance of this day, or its innumerable fine shades of color. It is all work, and no moody consciousness—all work, and will end in sleep.

I leave them soon, and make my way up the stone steps to the "corn chamber," where tranquillity is crowned. In the whitewashed room the corn lies in drifts and ridges, three to four feet deep, all silvery-dun, like some remote sand desert, lifeless beneath the moon. Here it lies, and into it, staggering under the sacks, George-the-Gaul and Jim-the-Early-Saxon tramp up to their

knees, spill the sacks over their heads, and out again; and above where their feet have plunged, the patient surface closes again, smooth. And as I stand there in the doorway, looking at that silvery corn drift, I think of the whole process, from seed sown to the last sieving into this tranquil resting-place. I think of the slow, dogged ploughman, with the crows above him on the wind; of the swing of the sower's arm, dark up against gray sky on the steep field. I think of the seed snug-burrowing for safety, and its mysterious ferment under the warm Spring rain, of the soft green shoots tapering up so shyly towards the first sun, and hardening in air to thin wiry stalk. I think of the innumerable tiny beasts that have jungled in that pale forest; of the winged blue jewels of butterfly risen from it to hover on the wild-rustling blades; of that continual music played there by the wind; of the chicory and poppy flowers that have been its lights-o'-love, as it grew tawny, and full of life, before the appointed date when it should return to its captivity. I think of that slow-travelling hum and swish which laid it low, of the gathering to stack, and the long waiting under the rustle and drip of the sheltering trees, until yesterday the hoot of the thresher blew, and there began the falling into this dun silvery peace. Here it will lie with the pale sun narrowly filtering in on it, and by night the pale moon, till slowly, week by week, it is stolen away, and its ridges and drifts sink and sink, and the beasts have eaten it all.

When the dusk is falling, I go out to them again. They have nearly finished now; the chaff in the chaff-shed is mounting hillock-high; only the little barley stack remains unthreshed. Mrs. George-the-Gaul is standing with a jug, to give drink to the tired ones. Some stars are already netted in the branches of the pines; the Guinea-fowl

are silent. But still the harmonious threshers hums, and showers from three sides the straw, the chaff, the corn; and the men fork, and rake, and cart, and carry, sleep growing in their muscles, silence on their tongues, and the tranquillity of the long day nearly ended in their souls. They will go on till it is quite dark.

John Galsworthy.

## ANALOGIES.

### IV.—FRAMES.

It is an axiom with art dealers never to offer a picture without a frame. For they know that the article, however beautiful or genuine, is in that state practically unsaleable. They know this empirically; but it is doubtful whether they have ever troubled themselves about the reason; wherein, nevertheless, lies concealed nothing less than an eternal *casus belli*, a hundred years' war, a *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*, to wit—the mathematics of business facts *versus* the *litera humaniores* of unbusinesslike fancies, of which the most capricious may yet form the terms of the sternest human equation ever set and solved. But causes, like grief, are the luxury of the idle. Dr. Johnson's laundrywoman—"her income tears"—had too scant leisure to brood over her bereavement; as widowed Mrs. Thrale, desiring none, had too much. For the one the fact had to suffice; the other might have "all her frowsty couch in sorrow steeped," like Dido and most of the quality. Business is business; if frames are business, why clap 'em on, and leave to triflers, given to "following life through creatures they dissect," the futile fun of discovering the wherefore of that which we only know, or need to know, *is*.

To such it is plain that Frames are essential, not only to paintings, but to every terrestrial scene and circumstance. And this not, as is generally supposed, for the purpose of beautification. There is much misuse of language here. In novels and places where they describe, too often is a woman's

hair apostrophized as the lovely frame of a lovely face, or an arch of trees as that of a glimpse of landscape—the fact being that these are no frames at all, but integral parts of the composition. It is true that an ugly border may injure a picture, for the eye is as slow as Atrides to forgive an offence; but it is an impertinence to assert that the most elegant device in wood and gilding can add one atom of Correggiosity to Correggio, one gleam to sunny Claude, or one shade more to the vibrant gloom of Rembrandt. No, the utmost that a frame can aspire to is to avoid being an offence, and to effect this it will often have to be so lovely a thing itself that, empty, it would form a separate work of art. But its function, and herein lies the whole philosophy of all Frames soever, is truly nothing higher than that of a *boundary*, or an artificial and arbitrary line marking off the specific quantum of beauty or interest within it from the vast inchoate mass of happenings without. Human nature urgently demands such a delimitation in all its concerns. We have as incurable an itch—it is rather an instinct—to know the extent of our commitments, whether *plus* or *minus*, and this not from want of capacity to endure any sort of occurrences, but because we cannot endure them undefined. We can bear them to any extent so long as the extent be known. Hence the rigidest contracts are exacted by business men whose purses are really unafraid of losses. Hence, too, the universal dread of the two most unlimited of our liabilities—the

Future and Death—both alike “beck’ning shadows dire” on the wall, dreadful, amorphous, unbegun, and unfinished. Better the blazing script itself, “*Mene, mene!*”—at least a definite threat there, and a lost man may more easily shake his fist at the Almighty than at flat Nothing. The great tragedians have well understood this. Just as Manet saw that “the principal person in a picture is the Light,” so did the classic dramatist decide that his real hero was no creature of flesh and blood, but of the outer darkness, an influence compact of that perilous stuff which we call Fate, the steady, unstoppable march of things from nowhere to nowhere. Shakespeare, too — is the haunting horror of “Macbeth” due half so much to the crimes, the gory locks, to the witches, the ghosts, or the blasted heath, as it is to the immovable anaconda—coils of destiny which wrung even from the fearless thane, choking in an impalpable smother, the unexpected cry to his enemy—“I’ll not fight with thee”? All through the greatest drama of whatever nationality we are conscious of this same domination of the Unbounded, the Unframed. Nothing else could so certainly fulfil the dramatic purpose, to frighten the spectator. Better the uttermost danger of known dimensions than the “secret dread and inward horror” of the shapeless, sizeless May Be. It is this that compels the shuddering girl to turn up the light to behold the burglar, whose creeping she has heard in her bedroom. It is this, strangely enough, which raises the suicide’s hand against himself, to know the worst by instantly challenging the Unknown.

The truth is, to repeat, that man must deal with entities, self-contained things, and is miserable when he has to move about in worlds not realized, that is to say, in worlds unfenced. He is thus no artist; is, in fact, the exact opposite of that freak, the artist,

whose spirit abhors enclosure, whose very concentration—an essential adjunct of good art—is attained by processes the reverse of enclosure, who, therefore, usually fares the worse at contemporary moneybags the better artist he be. The greatest artists can never be popular for the very reason that their works, unlike “The Cut Finger” or the “Waiting for Daddy” of the Royal Academy, convey no single measurable idea, but an “unsund’d heap of treasure” blown together by the storm-wind of genius from out of Anaximander’s “not exactly defined Infinite”—to be construed by each according to the quantum of the Infinite within himself, therefore by the majority not to be construed at all. Frame it as you will, deep in old Florentine festoons or Carolean arabesques, in Gulde Book didactics or in Ruskinian preciosities, it is and will for ever be “measureless to man,” for it speaks the language of the free only to the free, to those few who range the unfenced savannahs whence it was whirled together.

Thus it follows, and is plainly apparent, that the average man loves line rather than color, silhouette rather than chiaroscuro, the clear-cut mountains rather than the misty plains, though his preference is in every case for immeasurably the less picturesque. Precision spells safety: it is the substitute for prophecy. “I know where I am”—there is my risk or my expectation in black and white, and girt in fair firm lines, marked off from everything extraneous. The soul itself demands nothing less for its comfort. Faiths owe the *numerical* strength of their ranks rather to the definiteness than to the splendor of their rewards. Mahomet and Gotama the Buddhist knew well what they were about when they enclosed their respective Paradises—the one in a paragraph, the other in a word. They divide between them the

world of *natural* men, for, stripped of artificiality, pretence, custom, and humbug, does not half mankind long for perpetual physical bliss and the other half for perpetual extinction? The spiritual Heaven of the Western Churches, vague, refined, by its own confession Incomprehensible, is for spiritual Artists only, and is therefore truly aspired to by a minority far smaller even than it appears; and to say so is not naughtiness but natural history.

This love of enclosure appears in a multitude of forms all, however trivial, true to the archetypal demand not for adornment but for delimitation. What landowner is happy without a fence about him? Were I the owner of Blenheim, its chief charm to me would be the unbroken Great Wall many miles in circumference, which shuts that empire in. "Bore through his castle wall—and farewell," Duke! It is his true coronet, the reallest symbol of his dignities. We notice, too, that in the current extensive sales of property by great landlords, half-panicked, half-piqued by recent legislation, it is the outlying, untidily placed portions of their heritage, as it were the adhesions, which have crowded into the market, now to form, perhaps, the inviolate *enceintes* of lesser men. Still run the long pales around the great "House by Stamford town," around Hatfield, Wollaton, and a thousand more broad pleasaunces; and long may they run, for when they fall flat to I know not what Jericho—blast of fate or law, not the possessions but the very nature of man will lie naked to assault.

To take a humbler instance—What petrifying failures to arrest attention are pastoral plays performed in the open air. I have witnessed the best of them, the most expensively accoutred, the most gloriously enscened on old lawns, beneath old cedars, amongst old

The Spectator.

ruins, and I can only say that the charm of Shakespeare and Mr. Barrie themselves, surely *arcades ambo*, has seemed dissipated. Nor is this merely personal, for of all human gatherings none are so easy to read, none so incapable of deceit, as play audiences. The failure arises from the absence of enclosure, of the concentration enforced by boundaries, though as mere *ornamental* frame-work who would compare a proscenium to an old garden? This also supplies the main reason why modern battles are not only such unpicturesque but such nerve-wearing affairs. A country-side peopled with invisible troops, rained upon by invisible projectiles, vast, hazy, unmanageable—Jacob wrestling with the Angel was accorded at least the mercy and the miracle of *something* within his arms—but to struggle with a dangerous "nothing before and behind," it is that "which makes the soldier's 'cart to penk," and so tritirates generals that they seize the first opportunity of becoming politicians. Dear to modern man, too, are the frames of summaries, and we are uncomfortable enough without their various forms—blue-books, statistics, bowling and batting averages, official histories. Wellington knew his world when his cold eye saw mainly in the hell of San Sebastian—"two volumes octavo." The thing, he knew, had to be measure-glassed for human consumption, to be marked off neatly from other events, to be either framed or unnoticed.

Only the sea, perhaps, conquers by its *unframedness*. But it is a conquest of fear, really enjoyed only by those who feel safe. They aboard the laboring ship quake when they think of the immensity of the peril. One thought possesses all who are storm-tossed, and rather as a prayer than a question comes to the Captain their incessant—"Where is the nearest land?"

Lincolnsman.

TO AN EARLY DAFFODIL.

Rare, rare bloom of the sun enslaven,  
Laughter-laden and gold-bedight,  
How came you to a Northern haven,  
To a sky the color of anthracite?  
To what fair land do your thoughts go homing,  
Southern shore with cream waves combing,  
Where the birds and bees are all day roaming  
And nightingales sing to the stars all night?

Was it Persephone's guileless finger  
Coaxed you first from Sicily's sward,  
Where the herdsmen's steps were fain to linger  
And the cattle splashed in the drowsy ford,  
While the Satyrs danced with their Naiad neighbors  
To a measure of shepherd-pipes and tabors,  
And the Cyclops toiled at his endless labors  
By the flaming forges of Etna's lord?

Or were you born by the staid Cephissus  
Where the dull Boeotian days went by,  
To mind men ever of fond Narcissus  
Where Helicon climbed to the stormy sky;  
Where the clouds still follow the tearful Hyads  
By the homes of the oak-tree Hamadryads,  
And the Thracian wind with its sough and sigh adds  
Homage to graves where the heroes lie?

I love to think it; but could you tell us  
We should find, I fear, that with all your class  
You know as much of the land of Hellas  
As I do, say, of the Khyber Pass.  
For I doubt you are none of the old-time lilies  
Beloved of Hector and fleet Achilles;  
In the Channel Isles, or perhaps the Scillies,  
You were grown in a hot-house under glass.

Punch.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Love's Crucible," a novel by Mary Shepardson Pomeroy, is a serious study of a woman's soul rising from "its dead self to higher things." There is a unity of purpose and a strength of conviction which make it a book much out of the ordinary. Carina Du Chene, the heroine, was a pitiful little outcast, possessed of great beauty, and spending her childhood among strangers. Through the machinations of the unscrupulous people who had her in charge, she was brought up to an evil life, accepting it as inevitable because she knew of no other. At last she came in contact with people of real depth of character, and through a great love became aware of the eternal values. From that point the struggle was a winning one, and she emerged, a splendid woman. It is valuable to have so sympathetic a picture given of facts which all know theoretically, but which are seldom brought home so strikingly. The book is freighted with an important mission, yet that aspect is not painfully obvious. Sherman, French & Co.

Prof. H. H. Horne of New York University has published, under the title of "Free Will and Human Responsibility," the class exercises of his course in philosophy at Dartmouth. (Macmillan Company.) The book smacks strongly of the school room, particularly in its formal scholastic arrangement and divisions; but is none the less interesting. The Professor studies the analogous issues in Physics, Biology, and all the other ologies discoverable; passing from these to a clearly-stated summary of the history of the great controversy. He then comes to the issue, wages war with Determinism, states his own arguments for Free-Will, gains the gold there is out of Pragmatism

and throws the rest rather scornfully away, then arrives at his conclusion "man is indeed mostly determined but partly free. In the right use of such limited freedom as he possesses man wins his peculiar glory." That his verdict is the prevailing judgment of this age, as well as of the "practical" philosophers of every age, no man can doubt. Still it will fail to satisfy the thinkers who can find no middle ground and fight it out on their own lines if it takes all eternity.

To have the very essence of the pleasure which may be derived from music by those within, as well as those without the circle of that art, explained by a musician thoroughly conversant with his subject, and master of a charming English style, is the privilege of those who read "The Musical Amateur" by Robert Schauflier. It is a book on the human side of music, and accomplishes something original in that it gives concrete expression to some rather abstract thoughts. In other words, it distinctly enlarges the vocabulary which may be used for describing and appreciating music, adding vastly to the purely technical and professional phraseology. The author is not merely a musician; his essays speak of an amazing breadth of reading, a scholarly grasp of a variety of subjects, and, perhaps most remarkable of all, a comprehension of the attitude of the man who is neither musician, *litterateur* or scholar. The essays are brilliant and witty in style. In the chapters entitled, The Creative Listener, the Destructive Listener, The Ear Club, a world of musical enjoyment is opened to those who cannot perform, and a new conception given of the part which an audience may play. A book which will entertain in a dull hour, which con-

tains much food for a thoughtful hour, this collection of essays will not minister simply to the interest of the moment, but is surely destined to endure. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Donal Hamilton Haines in "The Return of Pierre" has accomplished an unusual thing. He does not tell the story in the first person, yet were it autobiography, we could not, as we read, identify ourselves more closely with Pierre. We feel everything, and perceive all the events from the standpoint of the hero. Pierre is a country lad, bred in the small French town of Ardun, peasant born, yet gifted with imagination and some temperament. After serving three years in the army, he returns to his native town to find his sweetheart interested in a German artist. The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War removes him from Ardun, just as his lot seems most unbearable. As if in the person of Pierre, first as a common soldier, later as a captain, we receive intimate and vivid impressions of great battles and the final taking of Paris. Other novels attempt to show, if not an entire war, at least entire battles:—in this we see only as much as one soldier from his position could possibly experience. This standpoint gives a sense of actuality to events that is startling. At the close of the War, Pierre returns once more to Ardun, this time to find contentment and success in love. There is a wonderful blending of gentleness and nobility of spirit with uncompromising realism which make this book one of the most noteworthy of the season. Henry Holt and Company.

A unique autobiography in many ways is "My Vagabondage," by J. E. Patterson, sometimes called "the sailor novelist." A stranger life was surely never recorded, nor, in some respects a more picturesque, and certainly one

life-time seems too short for the number of adventures which fell to the lot of this youth. The account of his childhood is both interesting and pitiful. Starved for affection, wonderfully imaginative, and yet so instant in retaliation that he seldom let a slight or an injury go unavenged, the child attracts and bewilders at the same time. There is a rare literary quality in certain passages of these early recollections, which gives the boy's tiny wild figure a permanent place in our memories. At the age of thirteen the lad went to sea, and the second part of the volume relates his adventures from this time until he became a journalist and novelist. A wild picturesque life, full of excitement and savagery was accompanied by a never-failing thirst for reading and for self-expression. The boy escapes death at the hands of infuriated Dervishes, falls into a Hindu temple and enrages the priests, tries to smuggle revolutionary literature into Russia, and each time returns to the ship and records the events in his diary. It is indeed a strange and interesting personality, sometimes sensitive and emotional, sometimes blood-thirsty, but always honest. This fine quality of honesty is evident throughout the autobiography, for nowhere do we feel that the author has tried to draw a mantle about his faults, or to interpret all events to his own advantage. A more individual book has not appeared in some time. George H. Doran Co.

A somewhat pessimistic enlargement on the venerable fact that a Democracy is by nature a conservative form of government, opening but slowly to new ideas and ideals, has been penned by Prof. Walter E. Weyl and named "The New Democracy" (Macmillan Company). The book is brilliantly written in a bright, epigrammatic style. The author is occasionally led away by the cleverness of his own quips into that

half-truth which is the bane of all epigrams. "The plow, not the rifle, vanquished the Indian," is more scintillating than veracious. But on the whole it is a careful production and of great charm. The author states at the outset that "America no longer teaches democracy to an expectant world," that the student of liberty to-day must repair to "England, Belgium, France, to semi-feudal Germany"; and goes on to study the causes. We were too sure that we had democracy, we had slaves, we were forced to choose between material progress and immediate democracy, we were too individualistic, we regarded the government as a giver of big salaries for small effort, we became ruled by plutocrats. He turns from our sins to our prospects, sketches briefly the "Social War" between the classes, the horrors of the exploited, the rise of the "religion" of Socialism, the status of the negro and the work of the labor unions. Slowly he rises, chapter after chapter, to unfold his expectation that the ideal democracy can exist among us. At last he lays down laws to govern such a rise, sane, often profound, generally wise. The reader rather gasps to find restricted immigration among them. Altogether, while few will agree with so radical an utterance, the book is thought-provoking and the conclusion, after a word or two on race-suicide as an inevitable attribute to democracy, rises high in common sense. "We need not put on our armor for battles our children must fight."

The season's most important contribution to philosophical literature, is "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal." The author is Rudolf Eucken, whose former works, "The Meaning and Value of Life," and "Philosophy of Life," have gained attention and respect for any-

thing he may choose to say. Alban G. Widgery, of Cambridge and the University of Jena, is the translator. The present work is the latest and best general statement by the author of his philosophical position. Professor Eucken considers that the aim of Philosophy is not so much to dwell on the basis and ideal of thought, as so many other philosophers have done, as to examine life in all its complexity, and gain an all-inclusive ideal. He contends that none of the philosophies of life, accepted up to the present time, are adequate to guide life at this stage of its development. Some space is given to prove how inadequate other existing Philosophies have been to satisfy the age. The new Philosophy must absorb all that is of value in the older Philosophies, and as life is a process and a growth, so Philosophy itself cannot be considered complete. Life as experienced must be the starting-point and the author calls us to set aside our excessive occupation with our environment, and attain spiritual concentration, and the pursuit of spiritual ideals. More than any other philosopher, Professor Eucken lays great stress upon history; he emphasizes the value of experience, more than most Idealists. Throughout the work is a strong Activist note. The author's message is not negative but positive; it is a call to pursue definite positive aims rather than to eradicate painful experiences. The growth and enrichment of personality, the creation of self by self, is to be the triumph of life. Whether or not the reader agrees with Professor Eucken, at least he will find his standpoint original and suggestive, containing more that is of practical working value for the solution of life's problems, than most other Philosophies. A. and C. Black, London. The Macmillan Co., New York.